

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

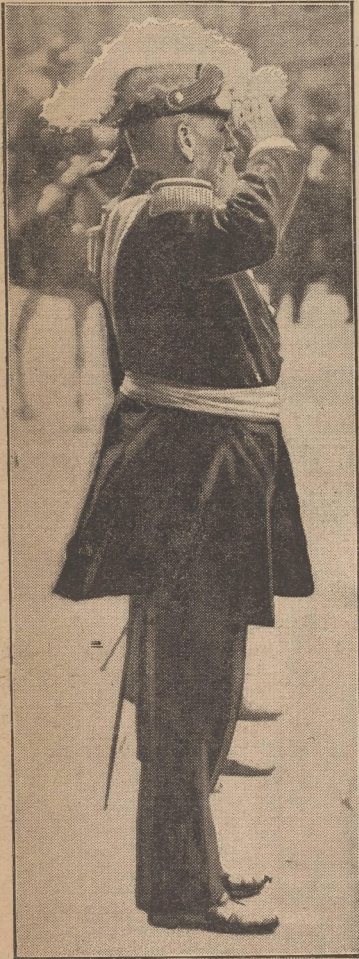
No. 557.

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

FRENCH ADMIRAL'S FAREWELL: HIS "DAILY MIRROR" MESSAGE.



Vice-Admiral Caillard saluting the British flag on his departure, and the message he dictated to the *Daily Mirror* special correspondent. A facsimile of the Admiral's signature to the message is also reproduced.

message for our great estimes

A. C.
1905

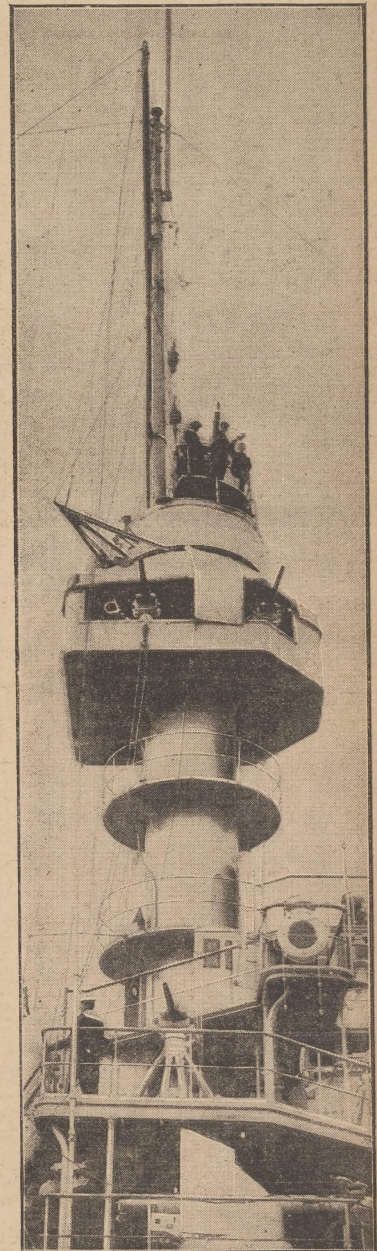
"In the name of the French nation and the whole of the French fleet I thank the English people for the reception they have given to us. May we be always united by the bonds of a sincere friendship inspired by great esteem."
(Translation of Admiral Caillard's message.)



Vice-Admiral Caillard snapshotted as he was going on board his flagship, the *Masséna*, at the conclusion of the French Northern Squadron's visit to Portsmouth.



French bluejackets rejoining their ships in Portsmouth dockyard. They were escorted to their ships by British Tars on the conclusion of their leave on shore, and the leavetaking was a striking demonstration of international good feeling.



British visitors to the ships of the French fleet at Portsmouth found their way all over the huge vessels, as may be gathered from the photograph showing some of them in the fighting-top of the *Masséna*.

BIRTHS.

ARDLEY—On August 10, at Conted, 7, Elmdale-road, Heme-hill, S.E., to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Osborn Ardley—a son.

FENWICK—On the 10th inst., at 22, Hayley-street, W., the wife of W. Sullivan Fenwick, M.D., of a son.

FRASER—On the 10th, at 5, St. George's-square, the wife of Captain Hugh Fraser, of a daughter.

JACKSON—On August 12, at 38, Hayley-street, Bromley, Kent, the wife of Lewis J. Jackson, of a daughter.

JACOBSON—On August 10, at Valence House, Highbury, Manchester-square, W., the wife of Harry Jacobson, of a son.

PARRY-EVANS—On August 11, at 1, Courtfield-road, S.W., the wife of the Rev. A. P. Parry-Evans, of a son.

SIDNEY-TOM—On August 10, at Haverhill, Haverhill-road, near Stockport, the wife of Arthur Sidney-Tom, of a son.

VIVIAN-DAWSON—On August 10, at 122, St. John's-street, Queen's-gate, Lady Alice Vivian, of a daughter.

WARD—On the 11th inst., at the Tapscott, Old Windsor, the wife of Captain A. Ward, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BAIDEN-PARKER—On August 12, at Old Lambeth Church, Thomas H. Baiden, to Mary Edith Parker, youngest daughter of the late Victor Parker.

GREEN-MAXINE—On August 10, at St. Nicholas, Guildford, by the Rev. P. H. Lantz, Vicar of All Saints, Nottingham, and the Rev. G. M. Wheeler, Curate of St. Nicholas, John Trinder, youngest son of the late Rev. R. Green, Rector of Winton, Norfolk, to Evelyn Caroline, second daughter of the late W. Quayne, of Chantry View, Guildford.

DEATHS.

CHAMBERS—On August 12, at 10, Belgrave-place, Brighton, Maria, eldest daughter of the late H. B. Chambers, of Page Wood, B.I.T., and widow of the late Colonel Chambers, late of H.M. 21st Royal Infantry.

DOUGLAS—On August 9, at 32, The Drive, Hyde, near Frimley, Douglas, youngest daughter of the late Adam Douglas, of Frimley, Chichester, and 82, Grosvenor-street, London, of a son.

GREATER—On the 10th inst., at Rownerbury, S. W. bridge-road, Herts, Horlick Anthony Greater, of the Stock Exchange, in his 14th year.

LAWSON—On August 12, at No. 36, Craven-hill-gardens, London, the late Sir George Lawson, K.C.B., aged 58.

RICE—On the 11th inst., at Danfield, Kent, Major Charles Augustus Rice, 61st, surviving son of the late Edward Rice, Esq., of Dane Court, in his 77th year.

ST. LEGER—On August 9, at Clarendon, Lowestoft, Colonel John St. Leger, of Parkhill, near Rochester, York-shire, aged 82.

WRIGHT—On August 11, at Hill Farm, Great Bealings, Suffolk, Agnes Louisa, the beloved wife of Arthur W. Wright (formerly of Harford), aged 49.

PERSONAL.

MIGNON—Fantastic objection easily put aside; wire me.

CATSEYE—Was so disappointed, darling. Come Wednesday same place 11.15, sure, unless you repeat our last day.

THOUGHT READER—I only wish I was with you under the moonlight, so fair, I have your photo, I can't be a sign.

MISSING—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative who has disappeared, in the Colonies or in the United States, let him advertise in the "Daily Mirror" and he will receive every effort in the world where any English-speaking person is to be found. Specimen card and terms on application to Advertising Department, "Daily Mirror," 3, Carmelite House, Temple, London, E.C.

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THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

THE COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS.
FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3.0, 6.0 and 9.0. All seats in all parts numbered and reserved. Stamped address envelopes sent accompanying all postal applications for seats.

PRICES: Boxes £2 2s., £1 1s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Pews, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., 1s., 6d., 4d., 3d., 2d., 1d., and 6d. Telephone No. 7499 General; Grand Box, 1s.; Boxes, 6d.; Telephone No. 4183 General; Children and 12 half-price to all Families and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY.
COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.
Representative display of the Empire's wealth.
GREAT ROMAN ANIMAL CAMP.
Displays by Native Warriors at 2.30, 4.30, and 6.30.
CAFE CHANTANT. At 4.0 and 6.0.
Messrs. C. T. Brock and Co. FIREWORKS EVERY FRIDAY AND SUNDAY.
Table d'Hôte Luncheon and Dinners in the New Dining-room overlooking the grounds and fireworks displays. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "THE ENGLER'S."
OXFORD-CROSBY, W. (last week) Over 200 Acting and Performing Animals, Daily 5 and 8. Prices from 6d. Children half-price. Telephone 4133 General. "Jumbo Junior," Society's latest pet. At Home daily.

NAVAL SHIPPING AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.
11 a.m. till 11 p.m. Admission 1s. Naval Construction, display of Shipping and Fisheries. **NELSON'S CENTENARY RELIQUES.** Fishing Vessels, Working Exhibits, Model of "Victory," and of H.M. S. OCEANIC.

EXHIBITION NAVAL BAND.
On board the Floating Cruise "Special" Ventilated Cockle Show in London. Rev. Britcher of 47 Guss, Cockle and Marine. The Cruise is manned by a crew of 150 hand-picked, and is under the command of the Rev. Britcher. Great Band Indian Village. Voyage in a Submarine. Head and Cabin. Famous Sea Fight. Musical and Dramatic Sketches. Billiard Room and many other attractions.

PROMENADE CONCERTS, QUEEN'S HALL, ELEVENTH BEACON.
At 8.15 to 10.15 P.M.
EVERY EVENING, at eight.
60 Concerts for the season. Free and Free Ticket.
QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.
Conductor, Mr. HENRY WOOD.
Imminent Vocal and Instrumental Soloists Nightly.
Tickets, 1s., 2s., 3s., 5s.; season tickets, transferable, 30s. Office, Queen's Hall, Queen's Hall Orchestra (Ltd.), 30, Regent-st.

RAILWAYS, SHIPPING, ETC.

POLYTECHNIC SCOTCH EXCURSIONS
Rovers Stationing, at Noon, from King's Cross, Edinburgh or GLASGOW.
By Daylight. Motor and Dining Car train. Tickets from the POLYTECHNIC, 309, Regent-street, W., or at any Great Northern Office.

DAILY BARGAINS.

AAAAA—25s. Boots for 4s. 4d. For crossed pattern order, value 6s. 4d. we forward carriage paid one pair Ladies' extra high-class brand new London West End boots, every pair warranted—very latest style, easy fitting, sewn, elegant, and durable (average wear 12 months). Style also black or dark tan (leather) shoes, boots or shoes, button, lace, or Derby lace, pointed, medium, or square toes. Money refunded instantly if not approved. Remit 6s. 4d. straight away you will be astonished at wondrous workmanship and value. We deliver at once. Manufacturers of beautiful durable foot wear by appointment to London West End trade and aristocracy for many years. Established 1807. Every purchase means life customer. Postal orders must be crossed and don't forget size. Illustrated catalogue free—The Times, Box 25, Cumberland London.

AAAAA—Overcoats, Suits, and Costumes to measure also boots on monthly payment; latest styles—The West End Tailoring Co., 109, Cheapside.

AAAAA—High-class Fashionable Tailoring on Credit. Our specialists Imperial Lounge Suit to measure, 34s. or on easy terms 5s. monthly; newest pattern suit free—A. Wiltam and Company, 231 Old-street, City-road E.C.

A—Free dainty sample Handkerchiefs, with illustrated list also boots on monthly payment; latest styles—The West End Tailoring Co., 109, Cheapside.

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FORTY Shilling Suit for 10s. 6d. "Great Tailoring Offer." Dear Sir—To enable you to understand that England is not behindhand in commercial enterprise, we have decided to advertise this wonderful Gentlemen's Tweed Suit at 10s. 6d., carriage free. Write now for our free patterns and measure yourself; this offer may not last much longer. Get all your friends also to avail themselves of our real British great offer. Clicks write us. Managers of the "Forty Shilling" suit. We are here to attend your wants, and our prices are an eye-opener to the world. You write us. Postcard will do if you have no stamp at home post it without; we like to hear from you—Years faithfully (for 22 years), the Globe Clothing Trust (Ltd.) D. 18 and 20, Oxford-st., next door Oxford Music Hall, London, W.

LADIES only 2s. 6d. need be sent with your order for Costumes from 21s.; jackets, drapery, boots, etc.; perfect fit guaranteed; balance 1s. weekly; quick delivery; patterns and self-measurement chart post free—Write Dept. 435, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

ONE Shilling Weekly. Clothing made to measure below shop prices; good business suits from 27s. 6d. Boots 10s. 6d.; ladies' Jackets, Mantles, and tailor-made Costumes from 25s.; Cycle Suits from 16s. 9d.; delivered on small deposit; perfect fit guaranteed; patterns and new American self-measurement forms post free; quick delivery—Write Dept. 70, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

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ROBERTSON'S PATENT
FURNISH ON EASY TERMS.
Business Hours: 9 to 8 Saturdays till 6. Thursdays we do NOT close early.

69 to 77, JUDD-ST., KING'S CROSS, LONDON.

5ft. Fumed Oak Sideboard, fitted with bevelled plate glass back and drawers, and cupboards below.
Price - - - £5 12 6

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**NO ADDED INTEREST.
NO EXTRA CHARGES.**

"1905" Ltd. and Catalogue Free on me tioning the "Daily Mirror."

FADING HOPES OF PEACE.

Russo-Japanese Conference
May Break Up To-day.

OYAMA READY TO STRIKE.

Terrible Suffering and Waste
Which Must Follow Failure of
Negotiations.

The prospects of peace between Russia and Japan, as the outcome of the conference at Portsmouth, U.S.A., are daily dwindling.

Those best informed as to the relations existing between the parties practically hold out no hope for a settlement, and in many quarters the utmost pessimism prevails, and it is expected that in the course of the next two days the negotiations will be broken off.

The personal relations between the plenipotentiaries are of a most courteous description, and one little action on the part of the Japanese was singularly graceful.

When it was stated that there would be no sitting last Sunday it was thought some hitch had taken place. The fact was that the Japanese, realising how the Sabbath is revered in Russia, took the initiative in the arrangement by which the sittings were suspended until yesterday.

At the same time M. Witte and Baron Komura are fighting a stern fight, as revealed by a characteristic conflict concerning Korea.

M. Witte declared that Japan's purpose was to make Korea a Japanese province, which was against the interests of the United States and England.

Baron Komura warmly dissented. Japan, he said, only wanted to secure in Korea the commercial and industrial position to which she was entitled.

OYAMA READY.

Should the negotiations be broken off the immense struggle in Manchuria will be resumed with increasing bitterness.

Oyama, with a force of over half a million men, stands ready to inflict a blow on the Russian army besides which Mukden will fall.

It is fruitful to think of all the ruin and misery the war has entailed on both belligerents.

Since the war began, eighteen months ago, Russia has in all probability mustered nearly three-quarters of a million of men by land and sea, and of these she has lost in dead and wounded about 300,000.

Japan has placed in the field, so far as it can be calculated—a difficult matter because of Japanese secretiveness—more than 650,000 men, and of these she has lost rather more than 200,000 in casualties.

The two combatants between them have undoubtedly lost on the field upwards of half a million men.

It is a stupendous total, and represents far more than the actual loss of life and limb, for it means that the productive energies of these men have been withdrawn from their respective countries.

\$200,000,000 LOST.

It is believed that Japan places the cost of the war at rather less than £200,000,000. Her main loss has been in men rather than in material.

The loss of her ships at sea represented a total of about £5,000,000, but, on the other hand, she took Russian vessels, or will ultimately raise and use them.

The loss Russia has so far endured in the war, including the taking of Port Arthur and the destruction or capture of her battleships and cruisers at Port Arthur and in the battle of the Sea of Japan, is now conservatively estimated at upwards of £300,000,000.

It will be remembered that the South African war cost us £250,000,000, but these large figures sink into comparative insignificance when contrasted with the Franco-German war of 1870, which is known to have cost France something like £800,000,000.

Japan has hitherto experienced no difficulty in obtaining the sinews of war. She has raised in domestic loans some £60,000,000, and in foreign loans £80,000,000, English, American and even German financiers are ready to advance her all the funds she requires. Very different is it with Russia, whose recent attempts to obtain money from France and Germany met with no success.

It would be well for Russia to remember what happened in the case of France thirty-five years ago. When the French first asked for terms of peace Germany demanded Alsace and £80,000,000. Six weeks later, this offer having been refused, Germany had increased her bill to £220,000,000 indemnity; four months afterwards, when peace was concluded, France not only lost Alsace but also Lorraine, and the indemnity had grown to £220,000,000.

EATEN BY LIONS.

Suggested Solutions of the Terrible
Blackpool Mystery.

PANIC OF EYE-WITNESS.

Little light has been thrown on the circumstances surrounding the terrible death of William Livesey, who was killed and partly eaten by lions at Blackpool.

Interviewed for the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, Mr. James Walsley, manager of the Tower menagerie, said that Livesey had absolutely no right to enter the lions' den.

As an employee of the Tower Company he could gain access to the premises, but why he entered the cage is, said Mr. Walsley, "beyond my comprehension."

"They are rather quiet beasts," he added, "but one can never tell when they will turn upon you."

Mr. Walsley's opinion is that Livesey, who had been drinking with a friend, bragged that he dared enter the cage and took the man to witness his performance.

It is conjectured that Livesey on entering the cage slipped and the beasts pounced upon him, whilst his companion was so terrified that he ran away from the horrible spectacle.

Joseph Livesey states that his brother had told him many a time it was his duty to go into the cages to stir the lions up, which he explained was to prevent them injuring their fore-legs through continually lying down.

This man also said he had seen Livesey enter a cage in which were two lions and drive them round with an iron bar.

FIRING A HOUSE.

Croydon Man Charged with Deliberate
Incendiarism at Sutton.

On account of the remarkable series of mysterious fires at Croydon lately great interest was taken yesterday in a charge of incendiarism at Sutton, an adjoining town.

The prisoner was a Croydon man—John Blucher Britten Wells—and he was remanded on a charge of setting fire to Messrs. Gower and Co.'s premises, Marine-parade, Sutton.

A lady witness stated that she saw prisoner about midnight put a piece of paper under the window blind, light it, and then run away.

FRIEND OF MRS. MAYBRICK

Sentenced To Death for Killing Her Husband,
and Free After Seventeen Years.

Mrs. Mary Ann Phillips, a little old woman, with snow-white hair, a pair of small, laughing blue eyes, and winter-apple face is now at Cardiff, having served seventeen years in Aylesbury Prison, where she met Mrs. Maybrick, for the murder of her husband.

Mrs. Phillips is nearly seventy, but is remarkably wiry and strong. At the time of the tragedy her husband was seventy. He was found dead at the bottom of the stairs with his head fearfully battered.

While at Aylesbury Mrs. Phillips came into contact with Mrs. Maybrick, of whom she spoke thus: "God bless her. We often talked about our troubles. She was a perfect lady, and I am so glad she is free now."

APPLAUDED ASSASSIN.

Publishers of Anarchical Writings Sent for
Trial.

The following glorification of the assassin of King Humbert I. was the subject of an important prosecution at Bow-street yesterday:—

"To Gaetano Bresci, that with an act of his will freed Italy of the crowned monster Humbert I.; to Gaetano Bresci, that he only, amidst the general cowardice, dared to rise and strike him who ordered the massacre of the hungry workers of Italy; to the heroic comrade, barbarously murdered in the prison of St. Stephen by order of the deformed Emanuel III., we send to-day on the fifth anniversary of his deed our sincere salutation."

The men charged with publishing this, what was termed a "wicked libel," in "L'Insurrezione," were Adolf Antonelli, twenty-three, a stone-mason, of Manor-street, Chelsea, and Francesca Barberi, thirty-three, a news-vendor, of Dean-street, Soho. They were committed for trial.

BIRD-CHARMERS LOSS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.—Pol, the bird-charmer in the Tuileries Gardens, who may be seen any day surrounded by hundreds of sparrows, who eat food off his hand, has just lost scores of his pets through poison.

THE KING ON THE CONTINENT.

Leaves England for a Well-Earned
Holiday at Marienbad.

After a long and arduous season, during which he has been almost uninterruptedly busy from morning till night, King Edward left London yesterday for his well-earned holiday.

His Majesty travelled from Charing Cross at half-past ten, and crowds of people had gathered in the vicinity of the station to cheer him.

Inside the terminus a special train was drawn up in waiting, and a small company had assembled along the platform to take farewell of the royal holiday-maker. The station was not decorated.

His Majesty drove into the station in a closed brougham drawn by a pair of horses. He was attired in the uniform of a British Admiral, with a white cap.

On alighting from the carriage he greeted several of those standing around, including the Austrian Ambassador, and was engaged for a minute or two in earnest conversation with Sir John Fisher.

The special train arrived at Port Victoria at half past eleven. Royal salutes were fired by the warships in the Medway, which were also gaily decorated with bunting, and the King immediately went on board the Victoria and Albert, which sailed a few minutes later.

The armoured cruisers Kent and Donegal escorted the royal yacht from the Nore, and the war vessel at Sheerness remained dressed rainbow fashion until she passed out of sight.

The Victoria and Albert arrived at Flushing yesterday evening, and the King started on his train journey to Ischl, where he will meet the Emperor of Austria.

His Majesty will arrive at Ischl this afternoon, and after a brief meeting with the Emperor will leave for Marienbad to-morrow morning.

BURNT ALL THEIR CLOTHES.

Doukhobors Still Continue Their Fanatical
Pilgrimage in Canada.

YORKTOWN (Canada), Monday.—Those of the Doukhobor fanatics who were not put under restraint continued their crazy pilgrimage south from this town to-day.

They have left their settlements in Northern Canada in search of the "new life," and are wandering aimlessly about the country.

They refuse to eat flesh or to wear any clothing which has been made from the skins of animals. As reported yesterday, many of them have stripped, burnt their clothes, and attempted to continue their march nude.

Three years ago a party of 1,600 of these fanatics marched south and covered 250 miles, enduring the most terrible hardships from cold and starvation, many of them dying by the roadside.

Finally Government action was taken, and they were secured, locked into trains, and sent back to their village.

DOCTORS PUZZLED.

Mysterious Animal Hatched Within Him
from a Germ a Farmer Swallowed.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.—M. Petit, a farmer of Bliche, near Fougères, has just recovered, in a remarkable manner, from a mysterious disease.

For months he has lived entirely on milk, but last Sunday he was seized with violent spasms, when it was discovered that a live animal had, by some means, obtained access to his stomach.

The creature is about four inches long, and has a long tail and large ears.

Dr. Denis, who has taken it to Paris for examination, believes that it must have been hatched in the farmer's stomach, the germ or egg having been swallowed in drinking water. The farmer has quite recovered.

CHINESE BURGLARS ON THE RAND.

Fourteen Chinese deserters from the Rand broke into a farmer's house on the East Rand, says Reuter, last Friday night.

After a fierce fight in the bedroom, during which three of the robbers were shot by the farmer, the band decamped. Three arrests have been made.

VILLAGE LAID IN ASHES.

Fears are entertained that the whole village of St. Thibaut, in France, will be burned down.

The fire, which broke out on Sunday night, and which has already, says Reuter, destroyed forty buildings, cannot be extinguished, owing to shortage of water.

"GOOD-BYE, THANKS."

Admiral Caillard's Touching Fare-
well to England.

"WORDS FAIL ME."

"Farewell. Hope to meet again. Sincerest thanks and warmest hopes."

"Au revoir. Remerciements les plus forts. Les mêmes espoirs."

Such was the touching and tactful farewell message of Admiral Caillard as the French fleet left Portsmouth yesterday.

It was a fitting finale to a week which has, without exaggeration, done much to consolidate the good relations between France and England. As the French fleet, amid the thunder of saluting guns and the music of bands, glided over the calm sunlit waters, it carried with it, let us trust, happy remembrances of its visit to English shores.

To a representative of Reuter's Agency, Admiral Caillard spoke with more than ordinary warmth on the subject of the hospitality his fleet had enjoyed.

"Words fail me," he said, "to tell you what I think of the way in which the great English people have received the Northern Squadron of France. We expected to be greeted as friends and comrades; we knew we should be made welcome, but what has occurred has completely surpassed all we had thought possible."

"WE DESIRE TO RETURN."

"We have been right to the hearts of our English brethren, and wherever we have been, officers and men have been received not only in the most magnificent but in the most affectionate fashion. Personally, I am profoundly touched."

"The visit of my squadron consolidates the ties existing between my country and your great nation. We have been received so cordially by all England, and especially by your King, who is really 'Edward the Peacemaker,' that we leave your shores with the one desire to return."

"Finally, I shall report to my Government what I have seen and experienced, and I am convinced that all France will be profoundly grateful."

In conclusion the French Admiral said: "Words do not adequately convey what I feel. The memory of this great visit will ever be with me. Au revoir."

Major Evans Gordon, M.P., went over to France as a guest on one of the French warships.

PATRIOTIC MAYOR.

The Mayor of Portsmouth, Alderman Couzens, has spent at least, £3,000 over the French visit.

The Corporation of Portsmouth did nothing. The mayor (and the Government) did all.

The big sports to which 3,000 seamen were invited were his private entertainment. The special boxes of cigarettes presented to the French sailors were given by him, so were the free refreshments with which they were provided.

On Friday he gave a splendid banquet to the officers of the French fleet, and on Saturday he gave a garden-party, at which his guests ran into thousands.

When the question of the town's share was first raised a sum of £2,000 was proposed. A motion of opposition was made, and rather than that the town should be disgraced by a discussion of such a nature the mayor undertook the whole expense.

His patriotic behaviour deserves recognition.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The Central Station at Rome was partly destroyed yesterday by a fire which broke out in the carriage-sheds.

It is understood in official circles that Admiral Togo, with a Japanese squadron, will pay a visit to England.

Bands of starving peasants in Spain have begun pillaging farmhouses, and the police are powerless to prevent disorders.

A telegram from Teheran says that the crops in several districts of Persia have been destroyed by locusts, and famine is feared.

The £70,000 in silver scattered along the permanent way, through a railway accident near Veroria, in Spain, had almost entirely been recovered yesterday evening.

Wriggling through an aperture nine inches by fifteen, two tramps entered the parish church of Llanybeto, near Corwen, robbed the offertory-boxes, and drank the Sacramental wine.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Variable breezes; fair and sunny for the greater part of the day; thunder by evening; close inland.

Lighting-up time, 8.21 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth to moderate generally.

WHAT BRITAIN EARNS AND SPENDS.

Striking Figures Reveal Curious
Fluctuations in Our Commerce.

OFFICIAL BAROMETER.

England imported last year diamonds valued at £5,361,797, and bristles valued at £612,865. Her railway carried passengers who paid £24,421,746 in fares, 257,496 of her bachelors and widowers led blushing brides to the altar, and 12,472 of her offenders were committed for trial.

Such are a few of the facts contained in the annual "statistical abstract of the United Kingdom" published yesterday in the form of a Blue-book. The only information it does not give is the number of hours spent on its compilation by the Government statisticians.

It consists of 311 pages crammed with figures, and it costs fifteenpence.

We are told on one page that the import duty on blacking is 1s. a hundredweight, and that the duty on a hundredweight of rose petals disguised as crystallised fruit is 4s. 2d.

Not far away we learn that the quantity of herrings landed on the coasts of the United Kingdom increased from 5,397,190 cwt. in 1890 to 8,897,740 cwt. last year. Sprats grew more scarce, it seems, for they decreased in quantity in the same period from 149,502 cwt. to 129,474 cwt. Possibly more were taken abroad to be made into sardines.

Liverpool v. London.

Liverpool's fight with London for the proud title of England's most busy port is illustrated by a triple line of figures. The Lancashire port was not far behind fifteen years ago, for while the value of the merchandise entering and dispatched from her docks was £226,000,000, London's figures were only £27,000,000 ahead.

Then Liverpool gradually fell behind, until in 1897 London's advantage was £21,000,000, and two years later £45,000,000.

Liverpool gained again, and last year her figures were only £7,000,000 behind London's total of £259,471,000.

The fashion of going into the workhouse, we note, is changing. More people in proportion enter the union in the winter and fewer in the summer. The number in receipt of relief fifteen years ago was 2.59 per cent. in the summer and 2.47 in the winter, but last year the winter average had gone up to 2.63 and the summer proportion dropped to 2.40. The number of paupers in the kingdom on January 1 last was 1,127,370, as compared with 974,000 fifteen years ago. The only decrease was in Ireland.

Other Notable Increases.

The length of tramways in the United Kingdom increased from 948 miles to 1,840 in fifteen years; the value of promissory notes in circulation from £38,493,000 to £43,129,794, and the number of police from 37,000 to 63,000.

The following are a few comparisons between the kingdom's returns for the years which start and end the period under review:—

Births	1,680,717	1,181,046
Number of Yeomanry	10,087	27,385
Orchards in cultivation, acres	202,305	243,008
Gold coin issued from the Mint	27,680,200	101,042,000
Silver coin issued from the Mint	47,694,028	4903,801
Bones imported, tons	79,563	41,933
Beer made, barrels	31,835,554	34,811,944
Patents applied for	21,307	29,676
Estimated population	37,454,764	43,127,687
Warships built for foreigners	20	8
Locusts borne imported, cwt.	—	612,246

The Blue-book in question is eminently suited for holiday reading.

"NOTHING NEW."

Ancient Traveller Found Ironclad Warships
in Japan 300 Years Ago.

In an interview yesterday Mr. Sato remarked how much Japan owed to the splendid warships built at Elswick.

But, from the "Journey to the Court of the Japonian Emperor," written about 1613, by the famous Captain Saris, it would appear that the modern European form of ironclad warship was known to the Japanese some 300 years ago!

"About eight or ten leagues on this side of the Straights of Yemassineque," wrote Saris, "we found a great Towne, where there lay in a Docke, a ke of eight hundred or a thousand Tunnes of burthen, sheathed all with yron, with a guard appointed to keep her from firing and teaching."

The Natives told us that she served to transport soldiers into any of the Ilands, if rebellion or warre should happen."

GHETTO'S "FAIRY PRINCESS."

In addition to finding a lucrative position in New York for Mr. J. Levine, her uncle, Mrs. Stokes, the pretty cigarette-maker, who recently married an American millionaire, has just sent £5 notes to half a dozen other relatives in the London Ghetto.

BASTILLE IN SAND.

Result of "Daily Mirror's" Beach
Competitions at Broadstairs.

The children at Broadstairs yesterday entered as eagerly for the *Daily Mirror* Sand Castle Competition as did the children of Ramsgate and Margate on Friday and Saturday last.

Louisa Bay, rather to the west of the pier, was the place chosen for the competition, and soon after two the whole beach presented a most animated appearance, hundreds of children clamouring to a pitch.

Many children who had entered at Ramsgate and Margate were so pleased with the previous competitions that they made the journey to Broadstairs to try again.

L'entente cordiale was further strengthened by the entrance of a French family, who busily constructed a sand Bastille. The cliffs round the little bay were lined with interested spectators who watched with interest the growth of a sand city. Councillors Newlyn, Moses, and Hacken were present, and acted as judges.

The results were as follow:—

First: B. Hickman, Durnford House, Cliftonville.

Second: F. Bush, 15, Falmer-road, Enfield.

Third: T. Walker, 24, Cecil-road, Halesden. E. Frazer, half-crown prizes were awarded to: S. Rowles, 14, Santo-road, Wandsworth; M. Fay, Seafield, Broadstairs; and Daisy Wren, Whitcliff, Margate.

The Mayor of Ramsgate was unfortunately unable to give away the prizes, as he had intended doing. Councillor Newlyn acted for him, and drew attention to the extraordinary ingenuity displayed by the prize-winners.

TO CONVERT ENGLAND.

Moslems See a "Vision" and Tramp Thou-
sands of Miles To Become Missionaries.

Two strangely-dressed Orientals presented themselves at the offices of Sheikh Abdullah Quilliam, at Liverpool, yesterday, and told an extraordinary story of adventure.

Their names are Babba Ibrahim and Gholan Ali, and they are Islamic priests of Afghanistan.

Babba Ibrahim said a vision had appeared to him and his companions at Kandahar, and angels had instructed them to come to England to convert the people.

They tramped the whole way to Bombay and took boat to Marseilles, walking through France to Calais. From Dover they had tramped to Liverpool.

"I will remain," said Ibrahim, "until I am 100 years, but I will learn the language."

Abdullah Quilliam sent them to a Turkish boarding-house pending inquiries.

PREMIER LIKES "STORIES."

Railway Bookstall Sidelight on the Personality
of Mr. Balfour.

"On Saturday evening," writes a correspondent to a contemporary, "after having 'assisted' at the great luncheon in Westminster Hall, I was at Paddington Station, buying papers at the bookstall, when suddenly I was aware of the Prime Minister turning over a magazine of two before catching a train."

"To help him to a 'settled conviction,' the bookstall clerk thrust a magazine before him, saying, 'This is a very good one for stories, sir.'"

"Good!" said Mr. Balfour, "stories are what I want, and so departed, armed with the cares of state and sensational fiction."

"There is a world of meaning in 'Stories are what I want.' Surely it explains much of the Premier's strength, and something, perhaps, of his weakness."

WORKMEN LEAP FOR LIFE.

Railway Wagons Topple Over on to a
Mason's Shed.

As some masons were at work yesterday at Clapham Junction, in a shed adjoining Falcon-lane Goods Station, two railway trucks crashed into the building, completely destroying it.

The trucks and a guard's van had left the metals and toppled over while in London and North Western Railway train was being backed into the station.

The guard and one of the masons were slightly injured, but four other men leaped for their lives and escaped without a scratch. Traffic was only temporarily delayed.

Mr. Charles Frederick Grunhold, of the Talbot Hotel, Richmond, who died on June 19 last, left an estate of the gross value of £142,207.

"OLD MOORE."

Million and a Quarter Copies of His
Prophecy for 1906 Sent Out Broadcast.

Once more "Old Moore" has published his annual forecast of the future, and in his almanac for 1906, which was issued yesterday, he prophesies many startling events.

Proud of his past successes, and ignoring his past failures he does not hesitate to affirm, as many people who are not prophets might do, that there is trouble in store for the Tsar in 1906.

He says that the deaths of three great philanthropists may be expected—one a respected member of the Bar—while in October "the unexpected death of a great authorship will leave a gap in literary circles, which for a long time will be difficult to fill." Who can that be?

A well-known statesman will die in the December of next year, and society will be shocked next June by the revelation of a grave scandal, which, despite all efforts to hush it up, will be heard in court, but "Old Moore" is thankful to say "in camera."

Another gold rush to California is due in August, whilst in November a Guild of Bridge-Players will be formed "to reduce the hours of play and also materially to modify the stakes." It is not surprising that an illustration of society ladies weeping at this loss of income is appended.

Seeing that all these and many other wonders are foretold for one penny, it is, perhaps, not surprising that "Old Moore," who is known in private life as Mr. T. Roberts, and is not of a particularly venerable appearance, should be selling 1,250,000 copies of his almanac.

LOYAL "REBELS."

After Advocating Revolution Meeting Heartily
Sings the National Anthem.

Frenzied oratory characterised an Orangemen's demonstration at Sydney the other day.

One speaker declared that in England men and women of all ranks and ages were being dragged into police courts because they would not submit to paying an iniquitous tax for the Romanising of Protestant children.

He expressed a hope that "passive resistance would grow until it led to revolution." After that the assemblage heartily sang "God Save the King."

"RECORD" WIDOWER.

New Light on Henry VIII. in School-Girl
Examination Paper.

Under stress of a History Examination, a student in a young ladies' seminary in India, says a native journal, wrote the following:—

"King Henry 8 was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anna Domino in the year 1068. He had 59 wives, besides 4 children. The 1st was beheaded, the 2nd was revoked. She never smilled again."

"The greatest man in this reign was Lord Sir Garrett Wolsey. He was surnamed the Boy Bachelor. He was born at the age of fifteen unmarried."

"Henry 8 was succeeded on the throne by his grand Grand Mother, the beautiful, accomplished Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake, or the Lay of the Last Minstrel."

YOUTH'S GALLANT RESCUE.

Swims Across a River and Strives Three
Times To Save a Drowning Boy.

Thanks to the gallantry of a youth, John Parkes, a boy of thirteen, had an almost miraculous escape from drowning at Northwich yesterday. The children, Parkes was playing on the bank of the River Weaver and fell in. A youth named Gilbert Rowe plunged into the water, swam across the river, and, after diving three times, brought Parkes to the surface.

Artificial respiration was successfully conducted by Mr. Southerton, an auctioneer, who lost his son by drowning near the same spot three weeks ago.

A boy aged eleven, named Frederick Thornton Opie, of Paignton, near Torquay, fell from the cliff-top, a distance of 26ft., when playing yesterday, and was killed.

Two servant-maids belonging to a local hydro were drowned while bathing near Ross Pier, Colwyn Bay, yesterday morning. Another girl who was bathing with them ran for help, but it arrived too late. The girls drowned were Annie Davies, twenty-one, of Liverpool, and Ellen Symonds, twenty-two, of Llandudno.

WEALTH OF BUILDING SOCIETIES.

Liabilities of 2,062 incorporated building societies in the United Kingdom are returned at £51,250,058. They hold mortgages worth £48,105,759, and £3,144,299 in other securities and cash. Sixty-two unincorporated societies return their liabilities at £314,947,169.

ARE HOLIDAYS ANY GOOD?

Or Do They Make Us Feel Worse
and Not Better?

A BUSINESS MAN'S VIEW.

A good many people are becoming inclined to think we set too much store by holidays. Some even say that for most of us they are positively bad. A letter received yesterday from a member of a well-known City firm puts this view so clearly that we feel sure our readers will be interested in it. This is what our correspondent says:—

It is taken for granted nowadays that everybody's health makes a holiday an absolute necessity. It is quite a modern idea. It has grown up within the last thirty or forty years. I have come to the conclusion that it is all wrong.

Let me give you my experience. I have just come back from a holiday, spent partly on board a friend's yacht, partly at a seaside place on the coast of Normandy, and partly in Switzerland, where I did a fair amount of climbing, coming home by way of Paris the end of last week.

Unusual Digestion Troubles.

While I was away I certainly felt no better than I do while I am at home following my ordinary occupations. Indeed, I did not feel so well. I had a good deal of trouble with my digestion, which is unusual with me. I used to wake up in the morning feeling all-overish and disinclined to jump straight into cold water—a bad sign.

The last week or so of my stay these symptoms became worse. A vague dissatisfaction seized me. I felt restless. I had no heart for the expeditions I had planned. It didn't seem to matter to me whether I did them or not. Coming home, I felt really as if I were going to be ill, and I made up my mind to go and ask my doctor's advice.

I have just come back from seeing him. I thought he would be surprised. I expected him to say: "What? Just back from a holiday. You've no business to come to me." Instead of that, he took it very much as a matter of course. "Ah, yes," he said, "the usual thing. Suffering from holidays. I have had a dozen cases of it in the past ten days."

Minds Mazed with Idleness.

What he told me was that I was feeling the natural consequences of a sudden and violent change in my habits, food, dress, occupations, and surroundings. From leading a very regular and perhaps rather monotonous life, I had plunged to the opposite extreme. My system refused to stand it. It revolted in the unpleasant ways I have described.

With most holiday makers the trouble is, my doctor told me, that they overdo everything. If they go on the Continent, they have too much rush, too much railway train. If they go to the seaside they bathe too much, sit about too much (till their minds become mazed with idleness, and their muscles flabby and relaxed).

If they go motoring, they spend the whole time rushing violently through the air, their bodies being shaken about, the pores of their skin choked up with dust, their eyes strained. Those who make cycling tours are just as foolish. They spend days covering too great distances.

Others sitting on their saddles, pedalling away as their lives depend upon it. It is a most unnatural attitude, and, of course, Nature takes her revenge.

Much Happier at Home.

Even people who take a quiet holiday very often come back feeling the worse for it. They pester about without any particular object, boring themselves and everybody about them. They know in their secret hearts they would be much happier leading their ordinary lives, but they dare not say it, because holidays in these days are a fashion, a fetish.

The man who refused to take a holiday would immediately fall under suspicion. Everybody would say there must be something very wrong with his business, or that he must have something to conceal which would be found out if he went away.

A day or two's rest and change every now and then may do good, but my experience, extending now over thirteen years of annual holiday since I left Cambridge and began business, makes me feel certain that the summer or autumn holiday in the extent to which it has developed now is a complete mistake.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

THROGMORTON AVENUE.

BRIDGE BUILDING "WHILE YOU WAIT."

The huge new railway swing bridge over the River Wensum, near Norwich, was completed at ten o'clock yesterday morning. The whole work of demolishing the old bridge and fixing the new double-rail structure was accomplished in thirty-six hours.

The new bridge is 122ft. long and weighs 200 tons.

DRAMA OF LOVE AND VENGEANCE.

The Sensational Story of the
Bonmartini Trial.

LINDA MEETS THE COUNT.

Yesterday we published the first chapter in the life of Linda, Countess Bonmartini, who was the central figure in the amazing-murder trial which has occupied the Italian courts for close on three years. We told how as a girl of eighteen she fell in love with Carlo Secchi, her father's assistant, but Professor Murri would not sanction the marriage.

CHAPTER I.—(continued).

So Carlo Secchi was banished from the Murri household. At first Linda was inconsolable, and for weeks refused to leave her room.

She would see none but Tullio, and for hours together each day the brother sought to console his sister. One day he came with the news that the Professor had reinstated Secchi in his position as his assistant. "But," added the boy, "papa will not allow Carlo to come here any more."

A week after this the Professor went up to his daughter's room. "This is foolishness, Linda," he said, "to-night I shall expect to see you in your place at dinner."

The girl obeyed her father, but for months she scarcely spoke to any but Tullio. The light-hearted child was gone; in her place was a quiet, sad-eyed woman. She refused all invitations, and finally declared she would take the veil. The Professor was agitated, and it was only the persuasions of her brother which prevailed with her.

Flight to Venice.

"Let us go away to Venice, Linda," said the boy nearly a year after Secchi had been banished. The girl jumped eagerly at the suggestion.

So the brother and sister were sent to stay with relatives at Venice. Away from Bologna, Linda Murri seemed to forget her infatuation for Secchi. From Venice the two went to Padua. And now the girl had recovered her spirits, and was rapidly becoming a beautiful woman.

One night in May, 1891, a pleasant-faced, smiling man was introduced to her at a reception. It was Count Bonmartini. The girl's face lit up, but lately lost his parents and had come into a fortune of some £60,000, which, according to Italian ideas, made him a wealthy man. He was charmed with the beautiful, intellectual girl.

"It is so different here from Bologna," she told him once when they were driving together. "There the whole city is nothing but colleges; everybody is always learning. Here you just enjoy yourself."

"Would you care to live in Padua?" asked the Count, and he took her hand in his. "Will you let me go to Bologna and ask your father if he will give me his daughter?"

Linda Murri turned and looked at the man by her side. She thought of the quiet life in Padua, and the pleasant gaiety of the life of a countess.

A New Love Story.

"My father would not consent to our marriage," she said quietly. "We are Republicans, you know. You are an aristocrat and a Jesuit, she allowed him to go to Professor Murri."

It was as she thought. The Professor refused at first to hear of such an alliance.

"It would bring unhappiness," he declared; but Linda herself finally persuaded him. "I love him very much," she said; "I know I should be happy with him."

"You must tell him about your affair with Secchi," he commanded, and the girl obeyed her father.

"There was another man before you," she said hesitatingly, one evening as they were together.

Count Bonmartini laughed heartily. "Is that all?" he said. "Well, I will teach you to care for me so much that there will be no room in your heart for the remembrances of past loves."

Then followed an idyllic period. For months previous to her marriage Linda wrote long, poetic letters to the Count. She confided to him all her thoughts and emotions, and he in turn sent her typical love-letters from a man in his position, without any particular claim to be no room in your heart for the remembrances of past loves."

"You will come and stay with us, and there will just be Cesco (the Count's pet name), Tullio, and Linda. And we shall be so happy family."

In the morning Linda Murri became the Countess Bonmartini. She was so happy, tears streaming down her cheeks she took her husband's hand when they were alone in the carriage.

"You are a good man, Cesco," she sobbed. "I hope I shall be worthy of your love."

(To be continued.)

"His hands show remnants of work, your worship," said a police officer at Kingston-on-Thames yesterday, when a vagrant was sent to goal for refusing his allotted task.

LESS MEAT EATEN.

Smithfield Market Complains of a Great
Decrease in Sales.

Vegetarians will be interested to hear that Smithfield Meat Market is suffering from a great loss of business. £10,000 a week is said to be the figure.

"My firm alone is turning over from £1,000 to £2,000 less," said the manager of a chilled meat stand yesterday.

"We are getting very poor prices," remarked the head of an English beef house, while a frozen meat salesman said trade was so bad that he would be only too glad to sell his business.

Among the reasons given in explanation of this are—the hot weather, people don't eat so much meat, money spent in week-end excursions, and there is little left with which to buy meat.

There has been an all-round reduction in the price of meat.

ROMEO AND HIS FATHER.

Modern Montague Asks Magistrate to Prevent
His Son from Wooing Juliet.

Romeo used to be a model son before he fell in love. But having reached the age of seventeen he stays out late at night at a certain "woman's" house. His father wanted the Willesden magistrate yesterday to aid him in taking proceedings against "the woman."

"There must be some reason for this," said the magistrate. "Well, yes," answered Romeo's father. "He is in love with the woman's daughter."

"Why don't you invite the girl to your house?" he was asked. "Never," he replied. "I won't have her. She is not suitable for my boy." "I will have a talk with her," said the magistrate, "and see her before you say that. The lad earns his own living, and can please himself. I can do nothing."

PLUCKY GIRL.

Burglar Who Escaped from a House Captured
Through a Young Woman's Alertness.

Remarkable pluck was shown by Miss Minnie Read, of Rosebank-grove, Walthamstow, the other night.

Just as she was parting from her sweetheart in Somers-road, Walthamstow, she saw two men dash out of No. 20, and heard cries of "Burglars."

The young woman bravely seized one of the men, who immediately struck her and knocked her down. She, however, still clung to him and cried out for assistance to her sweetheart.

He rushed on the scene and retained the man until the police arrived. The prisoner's companion had meanwhile fled, dropping a bag of silver-plated goods in his flight.

Yesterday Charles Graham, a labourer, was remanded at Stratford Police Court on charges of burglary and assaulting Miss Read.

SERMONS ON THE WALLS.

Anti-Drink Posters Being Widely Distributed
Through London Suburbs.

Preaching against alcoholism by means of posters supplied by the borough councils is a growing practice in London.

The Battersea Council, following the example of Camberwell, has posted 200 large placards in the borough setting forth the evils of drink.

The posters, which deal chiefly with the physical deterioration due to alcoholism, are placed in all public buildings and in many shop windows.

In France the authorities have conducted anti-drink campaigns by means of posters for many years past.

MR. ANSWERS' 45 NOTE TOUR.

"Answers" five-pound notes are still being freely distributed by silent Mr. Answers, who has selected several popular seaside resorts and one famous Midland town to visit this week. To-day he will put in appearance on the beach at Hastings, and to the first person he meets he will present a letter which will entitle him to 45.

To-morrow he will forsake the silvery sea for just one day, in order to enrich some fortunate reader of the popular journal at Sheffield. Between 9 a.m. and 8 p.m. Mr. Answers will walk down Fargate and High-street, and Sheffielders would be well advised to visit the neighbourhood with a copy of "Answers."

On Thursday he will pay a visit to Southsea, on Friday to Margate, and on Saturday to Yarmouth. If you carry "Answers" on the beach at any of those resorts you stand a good chance of having four holiday expenses paid. All you have to do is—"Carry Answers."

FOR VALOUR.

Many Life-Savers Awarded Medals
by the Royal Humane Society.

HEROES OF THE COAST.

Magnificent deeds of heroism, which should put to shame those who say the English race is deteriorating, were mentioned at yesterday's meeting of the Royal Humane Society.

The society's medals were awarded to many who had saved lives during the year, but none had performed braver deeds than two twelve-year-old boys who were specially decorated.

First was Horace Hitchen, who plunged into the sea at York on July 13 and saved a lad older than himself. Second was Eric Martin, who jumped into 19ft. of water at Eastwood, Nottinghamshire, to rescue a schoolfellow.

Among the men who were given medals were Edwin Norrish, of Nottingham, who went down a 10ft. well after a child and nearly succumbed from the effects of the bad air; and Robert Wood, a Kirkwall policeman. Wood, plunging into the water to rescue a drowning man, dislocated his shoulder, but not abandoning the effort, retained his hold of the man, and caught at the rope thrown to them with his teeth.

Life-Savers at the Seaside.

Though there are many sham "heroes" to be found on our coasts at this time of the year, holiday-makers have a chance of coming in contact with many men who have splendid records for life-saving.

At the little village of Caister, next Yarmouth, lives James Haylett, hero, and father of heroes.

He was the author of the famous phrase:—"Caister lifeboatmen never turn back," which he first used after the Beauchamp lifeboat disaster, when he lost his son, who had taken his place as coxswain, and succeeded in rescuing his grandson. This gallant deed and phrase so took hold of the hearts of the British public that they subscribed some £12,000 for the widows and families of "nine brave men," as Toby, M.P., termed them. Old Jimmy has had the great honour of being summoned to Sandringham by his Majesty, who personally presented him with the Lifeboat Institution's medal and a cheque for £25 in recognition of his services.

There is no more modest hero around our coasts than William Adams, "hero of Gorleston Pier," as he is known, whose record for life-saving numbers no fewer than seventy-four persons. A tinsmith by trade, he "runs" bathing-machines during the summer, and no bather, however feeble, need fear while Will Adams is upon the beach.

Captain John Griffiths, better known to bathers at Ilfracombe as "Captain Jack," is another splendid old sea dog. Running away from his North Devonshire home fifty years ago he served in the American Civil War, and was wrecked more than once. He has saved no fewer than ninety-five people from drowning.

ORDEAL BY FIRE.

Desperate and Extraordinary Fight for Life
in a Bedroom.

An extraordinary story of how a labourer had to fight for his life with a tramp at Bridgend, near Cardiff, has been reported to the police. The two had retired to rest together, when John Burton, the tramp, suddenly barricaded the door and set the place on fire.

The labourer made a desperate attempt to escape, but Burton seized him and pinned him to the bed.

"The police had great difficulty in effecting an entrance, and were only just in time to save the men. Burton has been detained."

UNREQUITED LOVE.

Romance of a Restaurant Which Terminated
in a Grave and Desperate Act.

At the City Restaurant, Cornmarket-street, Oxford, William Rudd Page and Laura Cox were employed—one as a chef and the other as a waitress.

Page appears to have fallen in love with the girl, who, however, is said to have failed to reciprocate his affections. In the Oxford Police Court yesterday Page was formally remanded on a charge of stabbing Miss Cox with a swordstick, it being stated that the young woman was in a precarious condition.

The police are said to be in possession of letters, from which it appeared that Page's intention was to murder the girl and then take his own life.

FAMOUS ROBBER'S PISTOL.

An old-time flintlock pistol, once the weapon of the famous Dick Turpin, was used by Mr. Fred Ginnett, of circus fame, during the representation of the celebrated ride to York at the Paragon Music Hall last night.

The pistol is dated 1737, and stamped with the robber's initials.

FORTUNE FOR CHARITY.

Horticultural School and Recreation Park
Bequeathed by Mr. John Innes.

Charities and public institutions are benefited to the extent of £200,000 by the will of the late Mr. John Innes, of Merton, Surrey.

The will was the subject of a recent action in the Probate Court, where, however, its validity was upheld.

By it the Manor Farm, Merton, and two acres of land are to be transformed into a school of horticulture. The will provides for the erection of buildings, workshops, libraries, a swimming bath, etc.

Additional land is to be turned into a park for cricket, football, archery, Volunteer practice, and a concert hall.

After these instructions are carried out and various legacies to relatives have been paid, the residue of Mr. Innes's estate is to be devoted towards any charitable objects the trustees may choose.

The gross value of the estate is £338,025 of which at least £200,000 will be available for public works. The Merton Boys' Club, in which Mr. Innes took great interest, has been provided for by an annuity.

QUAINT CYCLE COMEDY.

Zalousoff Officer, Suspecting Suicide, Walks
Off with an Angler's Machine.

A Holyhead gentleman has just had a quaint and amusing reason for complimenting the Holyhead police on their vigilance.

Borrowing his sister's bicycle, he rode to a spot between the town and valley and halted at a bridge.

Leaving the machine here, he climbed over a high wall which separates the road from the railway, and commenced fishing on the railway side.

A police constable, passing by and observing that the machine was unattended, came to the conclusion that the owner had either been drowned or had committed suicide.

When the enthusiastic angler climbed back, he found the machine gone, for the constable had taken it to the police station, where he revealed his dread suspicions.

The angler, who had to walk back home, took a humorous view of the situation when it was explained to him.

REALISM AT ANY COST.

Author Spends Hours in a Prison Cell to
Obtain "Local Colour."

Mr. Hamlin Garland, the well-known American novelist, says our New York correspondent, has just spent three hours in a narrow prison cell to get "local colour" for a new novel.

At his own request the author was locked in a cell at the Denver Colorado Penitentiary.

The warders, however, forgot the imprisoned writer, and left him in the cell for several hours. During this time a raving maniac in an adjoining cell supplied Mr. Garland with all the "local colour" he desired.

DEFENCE OF A MAHATMA.

Secretary of Hindu Anti-Theosophical Society
Protests from Central India.

From Dewas, Central India, Mr. G. Krishna writes to the *Daily Mirror* denying statements made by Mr. Keightley, of the English Theosophical Society, in the course of an interview which was published in this paper on July 4 last.

Mr. Krishna, who is assistant secretary of the Hindoo Anti-Theosophical Society, is roused to indignation by Mr. Keightley's remarks upon the Hindoo Mahatma, Shri Agamya Guru, who astonished Western scientists by his ability to stop his heart's beating.

"Such remarks," writes the Hindoo, "expose the great ignorance of the Theosophical Society when they think the inhibition of the heart-beat is 'Hatha Yoga.' This power, which we call Brahmacharya Yoga, gives command over life forces, and through that the Yogi can easily realise all the higher stages and possess supreme supernatural power."

£5 Notes Given Away.

CARRY

"ANSWERS."

THAT IS ALL

To-day at Hastings.

To-morrow at Sheffield.

WIVES A HELP OR A HINDRANCE?

Women Too Eager and Men Too
Reluctant To Be Married.

THE RISKS OF WEDLOCK.

Another batch of letters selected from the great number we are daily receiving from our readers.

TOO EAGER TO MARRY.

While sympathising with "Three Times Married," I am afraid that she either lacks intuition or has been, like a great many others, only too eager to marry any "willing Barks." This, to my mind, is the cause of so many unhappy marriages.

Bachelor Cynic.
Finsbury Park.

THE AVERAGE MAN'S IDEAL.

There are men who, having a competence to keep them in comfort, prefer to keep themselves outside the marriage circle, and the ties and responsibilities it entails.

But the ordinary man, unless his nature be gross, longs at the end of his day's toil to meet the smile of his true help-mate, and the cry of "Here's daddie" from his bairns.

ALTER IPSE AMICUS.

TOO MUCH MOTHER-IN-LAW.

The first twelve months of my married life were spent in absolute misery, the cause of which I afterwards found was allowing my mother-in-law to visit my wife too often.

She used to run me down and make my wife very unhappy and dissatisfied with me, and of course my life was hindered very much, in business as well as in other ways.

I am sure this is the case with many husbands, as I found after putting a stop to my mother-in-law's visits a wife is not a hindrance but a great help to a man.

FRANK HEMPLEMAN.
Highbury.

MARRIAGE TOO GREAT A RISK.

The reason why so many men marry and repent it (and women, too) is that in many cases the man is unable to get introduced into the nice, quiet families from which spring our best wives and mothers.

Take my own case. I am a young man holding a fairly good position, but afraid to marry.

My hours are long. I live in a boarding-house. I have no old family friends and very little time to cultivate new ones, so that the only girls I have any chance of seeing are city girls, who, as a general rule, cannot be expected to make the best wife to a man who has his own way to make.

I am bound to be a bachelor or take big risks. I know of lots of men in the same boat.

A LONDON BACHELOR.

MARRIAGE-TIE LOOSENING.

Unquestionably the marriage-tie at present is more lax than in times of yore, and that being the case, in a general way a wife cannot be regarded as such a help-mate as formerly she was.

The Married Woman's Property Act has caused a moral dissolution of partnership between husbands and wives, for, each having separate interests, separation by divorce and otherwise is more readily brought about.

So that in a majority of cases, perhaps, the wife, knowing her own power and independence, becomes more a "hindrance" and less a "help" than under the old-devant marital regime of our forefathers.

GEORGE BUTLER TAYLOR.

Cley, R.S.O., Norfolk.

WHERE IS THE STAY-AT-HOME HUSBAND?

It is not true that the majority of present-day wives lead a butterfly existence. Women of to-day are just as lovable, kind, and sympathetic as the women of fifty years ago. Those who are thriftless, stupid, etc., are generally so through the neglect and unsympathetic nature of their husband.

Men seem to get more selfish every day. They want their pleasure to themselves, but their troubles they must share with someone. We are always having the ideal wife of fifty years ago thrown at us. No doubt she was a gem—in her day—but it seems so absurd to rake her up half a century after her time, and say, "There, that is the sort of wife a man needs."

I think it time women turned the tables and asked, "Where is the stay-at-home man of fifty years ago?" He gads about enough now. The man is up-to-date, but the woman must remain the same for centuries.

And if she did remain the same, men would still grumble, and want someone who understood business better!

A SINCERE WELL-WISHER.

"HOW WE ARE BEING POISONED."

A Startling Exposure of the

"LONDON" MAGAZINE.

August Number on Sale Everywhere.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Rye (Sussex) magistrates adjourned for six weeks the case in which Lady Maud Warrender is summoned for failing to have her son, Harold John, vaccinated.

No fewer than 700 cases of scarlet fever in Blackburn this year have been notified to the medical officer.

Over five tons of mushrooms are being despatched daily from Wighton (Cumberland) to the principal Lancashire and Yorkshire towns.

Stockport, Glossop, and Chapel-en-le-Frith Poor-law Guardians have declined to join the Hayfield authorities in the ancient ceremony of beating the bounds of the union.

Hurstmonceux Castle (Sussex), built of brick in the time of Henry VI. by Sir Roger de Fiennes, and the largest and oldest baronial mansion of the kind in England, is in the market.

In future all recruits to the Preston police force must learn to swim, while policemen of less than ten years' service, although not compelled to learn, are informed that it will be greatly to their advantage to do so.

Telephonic communication between signal-boxes and busy railway sidings, where the noise is so great as to necessitate verbal messages being sent from the one to the other, is recommended by York juriesmen who inquired into a shunter's death.

Dating its formation nearly a century ago, the Harborne Gooseberry Growers' Society has just held its ninety-first annual exhibition in one of Birmingham's oldest suburbs. Premier honours were secured by a berry weighing 23dwts. 8 grains.

During Morris-tube practice at the Royal Marine Battery, Chatham, yesterday, a private named Phillips was accidentally shot dead.

Orders for two large steamers, each of 7,000 tons, have been placed with Messrs. Caird and Company, of Greenock, by the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company of London.

"I only know he is a very hardworking man. I know nothing else against him," said a constable amid much laughter at Highgate yesterday, when asked to give an opinion concerning a defendant.

To facilitate the evidence of identification, a large ram, the subject of a charge of theft, was brought into the police-court at Carnarvon, and occupied a prominent position near the solicitors' table throughout the hearing.

Issued yesterday as a Parliamentary White-paper, a return for the year ended March 31 last shows that the total receipts of the High Court of Justice and Court of Appeal amounted to £511,655, as compared with £508,121 for the previous year. The total expenditure during the twelve months was £627,857, as compared with £622,877 for 1904.

SUDDEN DEATH OF LADY SHERBORNE.



Lady Sherborne, whose sudden death in the grounds of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes has just been announced, was the daughter of the late Baron de Stern, and married Baron Sherborne in 1894. — (By courtesy of the "County Gentleman.")

There has been a weekly average of 200,000 picture postcards posted at Blackpool this season, as against 24,000 three years ago.

Crossing the electric line near South Ealing, a labourer named Cage touched the live rail and fell down. Unable to free himself, he was run over and killed by the next train.

In deference to their express desire, Rochdale Workhouse inmates are to have their fish for Friday's dinner baked instead of steamed. They complained that steaming the fish made it tasteless.

Owing to their inability to get the corporation fire-engine up an adjacent steep hill, and the fact that no water was available, the Todmorden brigade had to stand idly by and see the Middle Ramsden Farm, near Walsden, destroyed by flames.

A relic of the early days of amateur sculling—the boat in which Casamajor, the winner of the Wingfield Sculls from 1855 to 1860, rowed in these and many other races—has just found a resting-place in the big dining-room of the London Rowing Club, at Putney.

Subscriptions, limited to a guinea from each individual, are invited by Sir W. H. Holland, M.P., president of the Association of Chambers of Commerce, to a testimonial to Sir Edward Fithian, who has been for thirty-eight years secretary of the association, and whom the King recently knighted.

Quite a comical sight was presented when followers of Mr. Clay's otter hounds met on horseback in the rain under umbrellas at Pontypool.

Earl Nelson, great-nephew of the illustrious Admiral, who has just entered upon his eighty-third year, has promised to visit Bristol in October to take part in the Trafalgar Centenary celebration.

Party feeling ran so high in a county council by-election at Gresford (Denbigh) that after the declaration of the poll a mock auction was held at which the defeated candidate was "knocked down" for a mere song.

At the inquest on Emily Barnes, aged twenty, a Rochdale factory operative, a brother stated that when he saw his sister hanging in a kneeling position he thought she was joking, and slapped her, telling her to come down, as he was frightened. She had, however, hanged herself.

Little or no direct effect of the war in the Far East is felt in the Grand Duchy of Finland, says the British Consul in his annual report, issued yesterday. Custom House returns show a steady upward tendency, and there is a great increase of money at all the banking institutions.

The foundations of the Southwark Obelisk, removed from St. George's-circus, were laid yesterday in the grounds of the Bethlehem Hospital. When re-erected the familiar grey pile will once more serve as a commanding landmark, this time at the junction of the Lambeth and St. George's-roads.

CAN YOU SEE YOURSELF?

Four Half-Guineas for Hastings—More
Prize Winners.

To-day four half-guineas are allotted to visitors at Hastings.

All that they need do is to expend one halfpenny on a copy of the *Daily Mirror* and look at the photograph on page 11. Anyone who can recognise his or her portrait in the group reproduced there will receive half a guinea immediately on applying for it if among the four persons we have selected.

If you are satisfied that you are one of the persons in the photograph mark yourself with a cross, write your name and address in the space provided below the group, and send in an envelope to the Competition Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C.

In all cases the Editor's decision is final.

To-morrow four half-guineas go to

LOWESTOFT.

A photograph of a holiday crowd at this place will be published, and prizes of half a guinea each will be awarded to four selected persons in the group.

Photographs of crowds will be taken at several more of the big seaside resorts, including:—

Aberystwyth.	Ilfracombe.	Walton-on-
Bournemouth.	Rhyl.	the-Naze.
Brighton.	Southport.	Weston-
Clacton.	Southery.	super-Mare.
Felixstowe.	Worthing.	

The prize-winners, to each of whom 10s. 6d. has been sent, in the competitions at Hunstanton and Folkestone, are as follows:—

HUNSTANTON.

Mr. R. Nixon, Egham House, York-avenue, Hunstanton.
Master Cyril Titterton, Tower View, Hunstanton.
Master Henry Wright, Castor House, Austins-street, Hunstanton.
Miss Elizabeth Daniels, 30, Halford-street, Canonbury, London, N.

FOLKESTONE.

Mr. A. B. Alexander, Royal Hotel, Dover-road, Folkestone.
Miss A. Brown, 6, Greenleaf-road, Upton Park, London, E.
Miss Julia Lowe, c.o., Mrs. Anderson, 10, Broadmead-rd, Folkestone.
Miss L. C. Butfield, Royal Pavilion Hotel, Folkestone.

LOOKING FAR AHEAD.

Speculators Discuss Harvest Prospects of Wheat
Just Sprouting Above Ground.

CAPEL COURT, Monday Evening.—The Stock Exchange keeps up its holiday aspect, but it also maintains a good tendency. Cheapness of money is one factor helping, and to-day the banks could get no more than the 2½ per cent. charged last time for the Stock Exchange advances. So the gilt-edged market keeps up. Consols being better at 90 5/16. The course of the peace negotiations has not much weight.

The truth is that, were it not that there is not enough business to go round, most of the markets are intrinsically ripe for a revival in prices, and that is why they keep so quietly hard. Carry-over rates to-day were certainly light enough all round. There is very little speculative stock open anywhere.

There is still a rather heavy tendency in Home Rails, despite very easy carry-over rates, and a poor London, Brighton, and South Coast traffic for Bank Holiday week did not help matters. Americans are still kept on the move, though business seems chiefly of the wirepulling order, only one or two stocks at a time receiving much attention.

The rise in Foreign Rails continues unchecked. People are now beginning to talk about the harvest prospects in Argentina because the wheat has just sprouted above the ground. The Stock Exchange speculator always looks well ahead. The feature of the moment in Foreign Rails is Argentine Great Westerns, up to-day a trifle of 44 at 124 on the amalgamation talk.

But perhaps the chief point in the stock markets to-day was a bad one. It had to do with the weakness of Kafirs. Some people are talking about forced selling on behalf of a firm in diamond trade circles. Anyway, there was a large amount of selling to-day, and some of it was said to be from Johannesburg. It put everything South African a fair fraction lower.

AMERICAN RAILROADS.

For Accurate Cables from New York read

"The Daily Report."

1d. ON SALE 1d.

BUY IT! IT WILL PAY YOU!

Specimen Copy sent free.—"The Daily Report," Basilson House, Moorgate Street, Bank, E.C.

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TELEGRAMS: AMOS, "The Mirror," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1905.

PUBLIC-HOUSES OUT OF DATE.

ON all sides resounds the bitter cry of those whose business it is to supply the man in the street with beer. It is one of the features of the hour.

This week Allsopp's meeting is to be held. A miserable record of failure will be laid before the unfortunate shareholders who bought up the business of the first Lord Hindlip for so very much more than it was worth.

Bad management may account for part of the millions lost, but more than in that the cause lies in the altering habits of the people who have in the past made so many brewers enormously rich and made public-house keeping a safely profitable trade.

How little profit or security there is in it now may be gathered from the murmurs already to be heard about the extra taxation imposed by the Licensing Act of last year.

Publicans and brewers expected great things of this measure, which was passed in order to prevent licences being taken away without compensation. But now that they have to begin paying for the compensation themselves, as they shortly will, they are inclined to denounce the Government for laying upon them an extra burden in these hard times.

Why are the times hard for them? Very few can see, and yet the reason is simple enough. The public-house is out of date.

People want comfort nowadays. Even the man in the street wants it. A place where you have to take your refreshment standing up, which smells like a beer-cask, which has no comfort, no convenience, no attraction except beer itself—this kind of place has no chance.

Contrast it with a Continental café, where you sit down, and have games provided for you to play, and papers to look at; where you can write letters if you want to, or sit pleasantly for a whole evening talking to your friends.

The latter is a civilised performance; the former on a level with a horse-trough where the animal just stands and drinks and then comes away. (Only the human animal does not always know when to come away.)

Will no one start a company to provide London with café-restaurants where a man could take his wife and be served comfortably with any kind of refreshment, alcoholic or otherwise, and really feel that he has a good substitute for a club? E. B.

A RUN OF LUCK.

Runs of luck or of ill-luck are always interesting. They seem to be brought about by some occult influence. It is hard to believe that Chance alone can play such unusual tricks.

Five times the English side have won the toss in the Test Cricket matches this season between Australia and the Mother Country. Every time the coin has fallen to the Australians' disadvantage.

A very serious disadvantage it has been, too, on the good wickets that have been the rule during the fine weather of the past two months. The side which gets in first is almost bound to gain a valuable lead.

Such a run of luck as England has had in the matter of the toss is very rare indeed. Generally this way of deciding which team shall have choice of innings works very well. But there are always the freaks of Chance to be reckoned with.

There is no need to discuss possible substitutes for the toss. Such freaks are quite infrequent, and now that Chance has brought this one off, it will probably be content to go on for a long time distributing favours pretty equally as before.

So speaks Common Sense. Yet the incident sets some of us wondering whether there really is such a thing as Chance at all. H.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If thou be born in the poor man's hovel, but have wisdom: then shalt thou be like the lotus-flower growing out of the mud.—*Japanese Proverb*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE most interesting birthday of this week is certainly that of the Emperor of China—"Son of Heaven"—who is thirty-four to-day. During the last few years the veils have been drawn from the once mysterious places of the world. Lhasa and Peking, with their temples and palaces, have been trodden by Western feet, but the Emperor's life still has the attraction of the impenetrable about it. From what a few privileged foreigners have told us, it does not seem to be a very entertaining existence. The keynote of it is secrecy—the poor young Emperor is never allowed to go anywhere or to be seen by anyone except those of his immediate following.

The Emperor is always said to rise at every morning, and he works until six over affairs of state. He breakfasts at nine and dines at five o'clock—always of meals regulated by law, and served with the formalism beloved by the Oriental. Old Chinese statutes provide that thirty pounds of meat in a basin and seven pounds boiled into soup shall be placed every day before his Majesty. He can also command a daily allowance of two sheep,

accompanied by her maid only. The event, as may be imagined, caused a painful sensation in the club grounds, which were soon emptied, except those who remained to see that everything was done reverently and in order.

Lady Sherborne was a well-known figure in London. Passionately fond of music, she was nearly always to be seen at the opera and at all the good classical concerts. She was a pianist, too, of very considerable skill, and when in town at her house in Hyde Park-gate she was constantly to be seen driving through the park with a pair of greys in an open carriage. Before her marriage, some eleven years ago, she resided with her brother, the present Sir Herbert de Stern, at the house already referred to, but on the death of the late Baron de Stern, her son, the present Sir Herbert, took a much larger house in Prince's-gate. Before her brother's marriage she generally acted as hostess for him, and many people will remember the pleasant garden-parties they gave at Strawberry Hill.

Baron von Pawel-Rammingsen, husband of Princess Frederica of Hanover, who has just been

prized the pearls, which were discovered to be soiled and discoloured. It was foretold by some wiseacre of the Court that three generations of beautiful women would have to wear them before they regained their lustre. That is said to have happened, and now they are as beautiful as of old.

Nobody who knows M. Jules Huret, the distinguished French journalist, will be surprised to read the interesting interview which he was able to secure with Admiral Caillaud, for M. Huret is notoriously the most insinuating interviewer in the world. All the literary men in France have given him their views on everything in heaven and earth. From princes, actresses, workmen, maniacs—from every sort and condition of men, he has succeeded in delicately drawing confessions, as a skillful dentist draws teeth—painlessly. To give an instance, I remember that when Mme. Duse first visited Paris, she announced her intention of never seeing a newspaper representative. Within two days after her arrival, however, M. Huret was driving about with her, note-book in hand, through the streets of the city.

About ten years ago M. Huret travelled through Morocco and interviewed the Sultan in Fez during a period of upheaval and rioting, when he was the only European present. He was, it is hardly necessary to say, in the very midst of the Dreyfus affair—interviewing officers of Esterhazy's regiment, unmasking Esterhazy as a spy, and finally accompanying Captain Dreyfus at Carpentras after the Rennes trial. For the famous series of interviews which he had with the captain during the voyage he received a letter of gratitude and appreciation from the latter—the first lines he wrote after being released from prison.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

BOARD SCHOOLS AND SUCCESS IN LIFE.

It would appear from "Old-fashioned Tory's" remarks on the above subject that he is ignorant of the fact that "success" in life in these days does not always come to those with the most energy and industry, but to those, in the majority of cases, who have got the most "influence" behind them.

I know of several cases in which boys, through their parents' misfortune, have had to be educated at Board schools and have turned out very smart men, both intellectually and in appearance, but, through the "anomaly" that exists now, have been prevented from attaining anything like good positions, preference being given to those who have been more fortunate in being educated (not better educated) at a higher-class school or college. When will merit come "first"? S. B. L.

St. John's-gardens, Cambridge.

"GOMORRAH AT THE CAIETY."

I read with some amusement in your issue of Saturday an article describing the criticism of the eminent Mr. Stead on "The Spring Chicken."

I have witnessed the play in question on several occasions, and quite fail to find even a tinge of vulgarity. I think Mr. Stead is exceedingly callous in his assertions.

I can only hope he will not again venture to advertise the "Review of Reviews" by absurd comment on a harmless theatrical production.

R. I. FLEMING GILLMAN.

2, Lorn-road, S.W.

POST OFFICE HOURS.

I was surprised to read "V. H.'s" letter concerning post office hours. It is usual, when the majority of shops in a district close early, for permission to be given to a sub-office to close, that being the only time when a clerk, working on an average ten hours per day, can get a little rest and recreation from exacting and tedious work. L. E. M.

WHY DO MEN SHAVE?

The average man is clean-shaven because he could not grow a moustache if he tried to. So he shaves off what fluff does come, and denounces all men with moustaches.

If I may use an Irishism, it is easier to shave off a moustache than to grow one. You will rarely find a man who can grow a good moustache clean shaven. E. E. G.

Letters from our readers on "Are Wives a Help or a Hindrance?" and "Is There a Spirit World?" appear on other pages.

IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 14.—Plants which bloom for a long time are always very welcome in a garden. To-day a bell of many-hued violas is a sheet of colour, although it was lovely at the beginning of June. Larkspurs still send up spikes of blue, while the rose-garden ever calls one to its scented ways.

Sweet-peas will provide bunches of flowers for weeks to come, and flaming nasturtiums light up many borders, from which other fading annuals have had to be removed.

Yet the flowers of a day are nearly always the best. How we miss at this season the Madonna lilies and half a hundred faded joys! E. F. T.

A SPARTAN HOLIDAY.



King Edward, who left London for Marienbad yesterday morning, will accept all the conditions prescribed for the "cure" and live "the simple life" during the whole of his stay in Germany.

two fowls, two ducks, and the milk of eighty cows. The fare is therefore ample—if dull. Everything is served in pairs—a single fish or fowl is never allowed on the imperial table, and if the Emperor shows a taste for any particular dish his physicians generally forbid him to eat it a second time. If, lastly, he should desire a change of menu—something not in the regulation list—he has to pass several deuces to obtain it.

The sudden passing away of Lady Sherborne at Cowes on Sunday afternoon was a terrible shock to the many people who witnessed it. The unfortunate lady was sitting listening to the music when she suddenly fell over on her side. Somebody at once went to her assistance, but a few seconds afterwards she seemed to have another seizure and was dead before medical aid could be summoned.

Lord Crawford and one or two others who were in the gardens at the time rendered all possible aid, but when Dr. Hoffmeister arrived he found that life had been extinct for some few minutes, and later in the evening the body was removed to a private mortuary in the town. Lord Sherborne and Sir Herbert Stern were telegraphed to as soon as possible, as she had been staying at Cowes all the week,

severely injured in a carriage accident near Biarritz, is well known in a certain section of English society. He lived, for years after his marriage with the Princess, in the apartments at Hampton Court which were given to them by Queen Victoria. About seven years ago the Princess, chiefly for reasons of health, gave up this apartment at the corner of the southern wing of the Palace, and went to live just outside Biarritz.

The Baron used to be a delightful host in those days at Hampton Court. He is a man of many hobbies, and had quite a museum of curios to show the visitors who used to go down for the day from town. His principal pride was in his autograph collection, which was unique, and contained, particularly, a series of letters from all the Marshals of France from the time of Louis XI. The Princess Frederica's most precious possession was her magnificent pearl necklace.

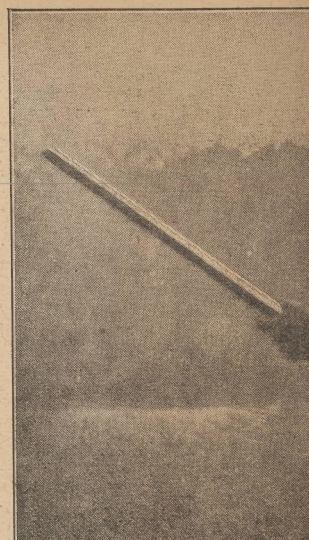
About these pearls a singular story is told. Centuries ago they were buried with a Princess of the House of Hanover, who could not bear to part with them. Her relatives, however, got to know of this, and their grief being conquered by time, they calmly uprooted the dead woman's body and appro-

THE DAYS NEWS RECORDED BY CAMERA

YESTERDAY'S TEST-MATCH SNAPSHOTS FROM THE OVAL.



An enormous crowd assembled at the Oval to witness the beginning of the final Test match yesterday. Of our photographs, No. 1 was taken as a ball from Cotter struck MacLaren a nasty blow, fortunately without doing much damage; No. 2 shows Craig, the Surrey poet, announcing to the crowd that Jackson had won the toss; and No. 3 is a snapshot of the English captain; in No. 4 the Australians are going out to field, the two foremost figures being Darling (on the left) and Armstrong (on the right); No. 5 shows a section of the crowd.



One of the finest shots in England is the F. An excellent photograph of his Royal right-hand corner), who is probably

FRENCH NAVAL OFFICERS' MOTOR-CAR TRIP TO MAIDENHEAD.



Motor-cars conveying French naval officers to Maidenhead for a trip on the Thames leaving the Grand Hotel at Charing Cross. It will be noticed that the officers had discarded their blue and gold uniforms, and were in mufti.



Serving out goggles to the French officers who went by motor-car to Maidenhead, for the protection of their eyes during the run.



At Maidenhead river to the sea

CHEE

S AMONG THE GROUSE.



of Wales, who has been having good sport on the Marquis of Ripon's moors. The photograph is reproduced, with small inset portraits of Lord de Grey (top left) and Mr. Rimington Wilson, a crack shot.—(Elliott and Fry.)

G FRENCH OFFICERS AT BOULTER'S LOCK.



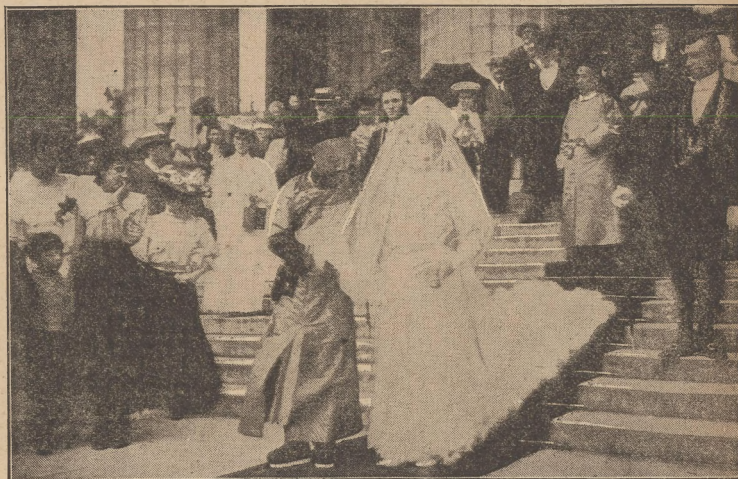
ty of French officers embarked on six electric launches and proceeded up the river above Boulter's. Our photograph shows the little fleet in Boulter's Lock, where a big crowd assembled to greet the visitors.



NEWS IN VIEWS



FRANCO-CHINESE WEDDING IN PARIS.



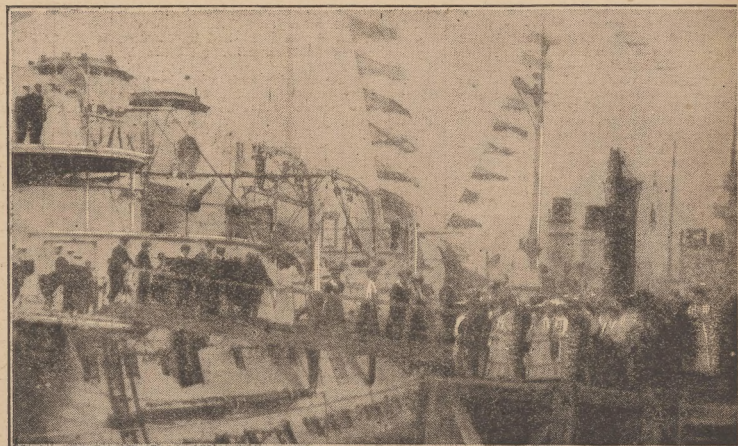
In the presence of the Chinese Ambassador and a number of other notabilities, Scie Ton Fa, a Chinese official, has just been married to Mlle. Louise Sauvaget, a charming Frenchwoman. In the photograph the happy pair are seen leaving the Madeleine, where the wedding ceremony was performed.

KING EDWARD'S DEPARTURE FROM LONDON.



King Edward in the Mall on his way to Charing Cross Station yesterday morning. From Charing Cross his Majesty went to Port Victoria, and there joined the royal yacht for Flushing, where he will land, proceeding to his destination—Marienbad—by rail.

BRITISH VISITORS BOARDING THE MASSENA AT PORTSMOUTH.



Crowds of people at Portsmouth availed themselves of the French Admiral's permission to look over the battleships of his fleet. The photograph was taken as a party of visitors was trooping over the gangway on to the flagship Masséna.

"TIDDLERS" SEASON IN FULL SWING.

Little London Children's Holiday
Fishing in the Parks.

"TWENTY FOR 1d."

Were a canvass of London's children to be taken as to the nicest holiday haunt within the metropolis the waterside bank in St. James's Park would head the list by an overwhelming majority.

And the charm of it? Well, "tiddlers"! Those who suffer from a too superior sense of being naturalists to look with favour on such a nickname as "tiddlers" may call them "minnows." But nobody worries over trifles of that sort up there. What's in a name? They are just "tiddlers."

Not always, though. Last night a tiny girl, one of the most excited of the multitude of fishes, with a hules head and a round, large-eyed face, suddenly dashed away from the water's edge to transport the latest "catch" to the glass bottle, carefully guarded on one of the seats by a bigger sister, uttering a triumphant war-whoop of a shout, "Got 'im! A mackerel!"

A TINY ANGLER.

Here among the crowd of anglers lining the side of the ornamental water is a little chap of six cuddling a big jam-bottle very tightly. For more convenient carriage it is equipped with a string noose and handle, but until the weary tramp home begins he feels on more friendly terms with the bottle's inhabitants while he cuddles them.

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Sell 'em to the boys in our street wot can't walk so far—we lives a decent way from here—twenty far a 'specy," he explains.

"My! They do come up after the rain," explains another fisher with sociable instincts. "I've got two 'undred and I ain't been here very long—caught 'em all since tea—couldn't come before cause it rained. There ain't nothing you can do when it rains, and you've got to walk miles to get here."

"Yes," takes up the girl next to him. "It wouldn't be nearly so bad if they wouldn't shut up all the playgrounds when it's 'olidays."

And in the name of all that is benighted, why do they? Isn't it bad enough, that at the best of times hundreds and thousands of little lads have to tramp miles to reach any place where such games as cricket may be played.

Very little teams come tramping home bearing their stumps and bags after the most ludicrous substitutes for the regulation article, and dragging their tired little legs behind them. And now, when they have all day for play, we shut up their own playgrounds which give them at least a certain amount of playing space for games of a limited kind.

Do people dream that the parks stretch everywhere, and are within everybody's reach? If they were but gifted with a child's pair of legs for a week as their penalty for not studying the map of London in relation to "open spaces," they would quickly discover otherwise.

THE LONDON FISHING SEASON.

And it might possibly occur to them that there are a great many squares and gardens that might very well be opened to the poor through the month of August, when there is often not a family in the surrounding houses at home.

But to return to the anglers. "There's been crowds of them up here all day," says a park-keeper, "since the schools shut up, but there's most of them in the afternoons—sometimes there's 700 of them then, and never under 400 or 500. They can't nearly all get to the water at once. They're thick all across the path."

Presumably the naturalists who sell ants' eggs must do a tremendous trade during August, since the tale is unanimous that they "keep 'em in the window and feed 'em on ants' eggs."

The nets make a bewildering panorama of colour. They have been fashioned out of "all and sundry." Strips of packing-case tacked together formed the far-reaching handle whereby one angler dipped a knotted handkerchief in and out. But for the most part a bit of cane is held as the "correct thing." At its end is a twisted wire, to which is tacked any variety of rag that is available—red flannel, green gauze, blue print alike being pressed into the service.

The evening draws in. The little parties begin to gather up their bottles and their babies, and tramp off. What's this? In tears? A little mite of a girl very sorry for herself. You see, she tumbled down in the wet gravel, bumped her poor nose, and made her dress in a mess.

There are a great many distinctions of birth, but none more marked than the varying methods of economising the pain of bumps and tumblers.

If you tumble down when you belong to a "mummiel" who sends you pinafores and petticoats to a laundress, she takes you in her arms and kisses the place to make it well.

If you tumble down when you belong to a "mother" who has to do the washing herself, she smacks you, so that you may not tumble down and get a bump on future occasions!

Poor little mites! It's rather a sad world, isn't it?

MARION ELLISTON.

IS THERE A SPIRIT WORLD?

More Letters from Our Readers on the
Relations Between Body and Soul.

THE PHYSICAL AN INSTRUMENT.

In a perfectly normal and free condition I constantly meet with spirit entities who are minus a physical body and yet have a substantial bodily form, whose grasp of the hand is as firm, whose tones are as clear, and whose looks are as lovely as any of the loved ones I meet with in this workaday world, which so many think the only existing substantiality.

When will spirit beings, which we all are, see that the physical is only instrumental? The physical hand is an instrument in precisely the same sense that a pen is a physical instrument.

Let each one exercise his, or her, prerogative, and open the eyes and ears to the actual spirit world, and scenes upon scenes, sounds upon sounds will be spread before the gaze and strike harmonies to the listening ears, and there will need to be no closed rooms, subdued lights, nor quiet rappings, nor yet any suspension of everyday activities, but the realities of the spirit world will be clearly presented to the spirit senses which are ours now, and the "so-called 'hereafter'" will be only fuller realisations of the ever-existent spirit world.

Blackpool.

WILLIAM HEALD.

A SCEPTIC'S CHALLENGE.

I should like to ask some of your correspondents who profess to know something about spirits and their world the following questions:—

(1) What is a spirit?

(2) Is it assumed that when a person passes over he loses his material perceptive faculties and yet retains the power of recognition, thought and speech?

(3) Does the intelligence of disembodied spirits differ from that of human beings? If so, in what particular? If not, is it reasonable to believe that intelligence as at present understood can be manifested when the conditions indispensable to such manifestation no longer exist?

(4) Is it reasonable to allege that intelligent communication can be made when the organs for such communication are destroyed?

(5) What is the difference between thought transference, telepathy, and spirit communication?

Erith, Kent.

ENQUIRER.

HELP FROM A SPIRIT.

May I give an instance drawn from the experience of an intimate friend, who confided it to me some years ago, of the relations between the living and the dead?

My friend's sister had died suddenly after a short illness. The two were devoted, and my friend was completely prostrated by her loss. She sat and brooded over it all day, and lost all taste for the business of life.

One day while she was resting on her sofa, in a room with drawn blinds, she heard—clearly, distinctly—her sister's voice, which said, or seemed to say, "Do not fret, I am happy at last."

From that moment the living woman felt no more anxiety, and was at peace. CONVINCED.

Putney.

FUTURE LIFE SCIENTIFICALLY DEMONSTRATED.

I write to suggest that "Dubitans," in addition to the books mentioned, should read "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," and "A Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life," both by Thomson Jay Hudson, an American writer (published by G. P. Putnam's Sons).

Mr. Hudson's reasonable explanations have appealed to many, both to those who doubt and those who believe in the power of the dead to communicate with the living.

Lee, S.E.

L. D.

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

Of all the meals you can buy for money,
Give me a meal of bread and honey!

A table of grass in the open air,
A green bank for an easy-chair,

The tablecloth inwrought with flowers,
And a grasshopper clock to tick the hours.

Between the courses birds to sing
To many a hidden shining string.

And neither man nor maid be seen,
But a great company of green,

Upon a hundred thousand stalks,
Talk to us its great green talks.

And when the merry meal is done,
To loiter westward with the sun,

Dipping fingers ere we go
In the stream that runs below.

Of all the meals you can buy for money,
Give me a meal of bread and honey.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

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See that every bottle has the red T Label.

London Stores: Nicholson's Lane, Lower East End, and

Liverpool Stores: 19, Lancashire Hey.

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How to obtain them.

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We intend having 20,000 smokers of these Cigars by Christmas, and we long that mere talk would not convince you of the unrivalled merits of a PLANTER'S SAMPLE CIGAR, that's why we send you a free sample.

YOU TEST. YOU TRY. YOU BUY.

A genuine Cigar, not a whiff.

Don't go on paying 25/- for Cigars when you can buy Cigars of most exquisite flavour, blended with finest Havana Tobacco at 6/6, 10/6, 12/6 (100), our Dock Price for Planter's Samples.

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A Lever Watch Free. For Two Shillings.

and 3d. for postage we will forward one pair of Ladies' Canvas Shoes, as per description below, together with our generous offer of A DAINTY Lady's Watch Free in splendid Push-lined Case.

These pretty Keyless Watches have reliable Lever movements, figured dial and gold hands, with elegant simulation 18-ct. gold cases and dials. If you want one SEND TO-DAY.

DESCRIPTION Ladies' Fine Black Canvas Lace Shoes.

across and facing; Good Leather Soles; sewn; Military Heels. Quality and workmanship guaranteed. Very easy; suitable for outdoor or indoor wear; distinctively neat—quite different from common canvas shoes. A triumph in comfortable hygiene footwear.

Neatly boxed with laces complete. Sizes 2 to 7. State size required.

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Owing to the disappointment caused to the numbers whose orders arrived after the termination, on Bank Holiday, of our great offer, we have decided to continue this

ASTOUNDING OFFER TILL AUG. 28th (after that date ordinary prices must be resumed).

We have been induced to make the enormous sacrifice this entails by the numerous expressions of satisfaction which have reached us from customers who have proved the advantages of buying direct from our factory and avoiding the costly profits of the dealer and shopkeeper.

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Made by no ordinary Firm, but by an EXTRAORDINARY Firm.

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W. BARRATT & Co., NORTHAMPTON. DAILY MIRROR COUPON NO. 11. (For Special Boot Advertisement.)

(GOOD TILL AUGUST 28th ONLY.) I enclose Postal Order value 8/6 for one pair of Boots shown above. Boots to be returned and money refunded if they are not as advertised.

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Address in full.....

Size..... Width No.....

N.B.—Attach this coupon to your order; without coupon the price is 12/6.

SUPERFINE GLACE KID GENTS LACED O.S. WHOLE GOLOSH BOOTS

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Post-free.

We make this amazing offer to gain another 50,000 regular customers.

Description Superfine Black Laced Boots. Ideal Shape. Straight Toe-caps. American Backstraps. Splendid wearing soles. High-class materials throughout. Durable, stylish and comfortable from the first.

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P.S.—If not convenient to send the full amount of 8/6, we will accept a deposit of 2/6, to secure one pair, on your promise to forward balance later.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

By CORALIE STANTON
and HEATH HOSKEN.

FOR NEW READERS.

What the Previous Chapters Contained.

In the manufacturing town of Stoke Magnus in the heart of the Midlands, Sabra Vallence, a beautiful young girl, lived with her uncle, Canon Vallence. Though her Aunt Ursula tried to persuade her to enter a Sisterhood, Sabra, with the call of youth and love ringing in her ears, found the sacrifice too great and gave her heart to Dick Dangerville.

Though the son and heir of a peer, he was practically penniless, she knew. But what cared Sabra Vallence, whose whole being was wrapped around with the rosy mist of love's young dream? As the Honourable Mrs. Dangerville she would have to put her hand to the plough and work with her husband to make themselves a home—as the Viscountess Blaquart de Balliol, which in all human probability she would become, she would never be able to take her right place in the world. But what would a matter. They would be together; there was nothing beyond that.

Lord Blaquart de Balliol, Dick Dangerville's father, had lost all his splendid inheritance by a series of almost unparalleled family reverses, which culminated two years ago in the sale of Balliol Castle, one of the finest estates in England.

Samuel Swindover, who had bought Balliol Castle from Lord Blaquart, was a crafty, vulgar financier, fabulously rich. He was known in the City as "The Hog," and hated by all for his incessant brag and brutal manners. Physically he was an enormous man, heavily built, a heavily unshapely mass of flesh. His face was disagreeable, coarse, and unrepayably vulgar. It gave no hint of the power that had raised the man from the gutter to the control of more financial enterprises than any other man of his day.

But not all Samuel Swindover's great possessions, not all the illimitable power that he had gained through his gold, could compel Lord Blaquart de Balliol and his son, beggared and living almost at the castle gates on the last remaining corner of their once splendid inheritance, to look at him, to speak to him, or to touch his hand.

Though the financier sent invitation after invitation to Lord Blaquart, the latter continually made excuses and could not bend his pride to visit the parvenu who owned the old home of his family.

But Swindover had Lord Blaquart, who had been raising money on his meagre remaining possessions, in his power. The peer did not know that it was in reality Swindover who held the mortgages and bills that could not be met.

Swindover was just about to foreclose and ruin him, when Lord Blaquart arrived at the castle and sought an interview with the financier.

Swindover thought that at last the ice was broken and Lord Blaquart had come on a friendly visit. But it was to arrange a loan that the peer had called. He wanted ten thousand pounds, or he would be bankrupt. Then Swindover showed Lord Blaquart that he held him in his power, absolutely refused to arrange any loan, and threatened to ruin him.

Lord Blaquart turned to go, but the ugly voice followed him.

"I have a proposal to make, my lord."

"What is it?"

"I will free you from all liabilities," said Swindover in sharp, staccato tones. "I will make you a rich man for life: I will give your son back Balliol Castle and two million pounds sterling—if you will arrange a marriage between him and my daughter, Fay."

A low, fierce cry answered him. The old man's eyes blazed. At last Blaquart de Balliol was stung beyond endurance.

"I give you my answer," he said. "You can make me bankrupt; you can drive me into the gutter, or the workhouse. But I would rather kill my son with my own hands than live to see my family allied with—"

He paused, but there was no word for what was in his mind. He gave the millionaire one glance, up and down, taking in the huge form, the flabby, coarse, repulsive face, that had turned a sickly grey to the very lips; it was a glance of unfathomable and royal scorn. Then he turned on his heel and left the room.

When Lord Blaquart told his son of Swindover's proposal the young man laughed the idea to scorn.

The financier sent a note to Lord Blaquart saying that he would give him eight days to reconsider his decision. He waited, but received no answer, and his next step was to call upon Sabra Vallence.

He told her of the proposition he had made to Lord

Blaquart, and asked her to give up Dick Dangerville. He showed her that by doing so she could restore Lord Blaquart and his son their former wealth and splendour, and Sabra asked for time to consider her decision.

CHAPTER VII.

"...but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep."

Swindover was obliged to stand for five minutes on the steps of the Vicarage before his dazzling equipage, that he had sent to parade the streets and "give the people a treat," as he put it, calling every quarter of an hour at the Vicarage until he should be ready, came clattering round the corner made by two drab, uninspiring streets, which were both overgrown by some of the windows of Canon Vallence's house.

Then, to amuse himself, he began to throw coins among the ragged group, indiscriminately, whatever he found loose in his pocket, coppers, shillings, half-crowns. The children fought over them, scrambled, rolled over in the mud, yelled at the top of their shrill young voices. Then a piece of gold flashed in the air. There was pandemonium in the street. The poor little slum dwellers were like wild cats let loose.

The gorgeous carriage arrived with a clatter of silver harness and chain. The lucky girl who had secured the sovereign put it in her mouth. All the children watched, open-mouthed. They forgot all about the great fat man in his creature admiration of the magnificent violet and silver creatures perched up stiffly behind the fairy coach.

When Swindover drove away they raised a shrill cheer, and for a hundred yards or so, the millionaire was escorted by a body-guard of urchins turning somersaults. When he had disappeared, the children felt nothing like peace was restored until the little girl who had secured the golden prize was forced, by a well-directed blow, to open her mouth, and the coin dropped out and rolled away, through a perforated opening in the gutter, into a sewer, and so could be fought about no more.

Meanwhile, Swindover rolled back through the peaceful country. He met several smart carriages and three or four motor-cars. The occupants were all people who lived in the neighbourhood. Most of them stared straight ahead; one or two men, whom he had met on platforms, or at civic functions, saluted him with stiff courtesy.

He lay back in the sofa cushions, puffing at a cigar, with a smile of monstrous satisfaction on his face. Every now and then he pulled at the ragged bunch of reddish, rusty hairs in the middle of his chin. It was a trick of his when particularly pleased.

He was particularly pleased. He considered that he had spent his afternoon most profitably. Despite the coarseness of his mind, the grossness of his outlook on life, he had an acumen nothing short of marvellous in reading the character of men and women. It amounted to genius. There was nothing else in all his nature that corresponded to it. It was like a faculty gone astray from its rightful owner and lodged haphazard in the most unlikely brain. It was this gift, added to an indomitable will, and an almost incredible ruthlessness, that had made him what he was.

When he entered the great doors of the Castle, with his heavy, shuffling, unsteady gait, he cast his

eyes, as he always did, with a glance of proud possession, over the magnificent vaulted hall, with its ringing stone floor, its enormous open hearth, its tapestries, its armour and weapons, and innumerable trophies of the chase, and, above all, its miniature army of supercilious violet and silver flunkies.

The major-domo of the Castle came forward to meet him, a quiet and austere-looking personage of middle age, more dignified than any duke.

"Miss Swindover and Mr. Luther have arrived, sir," he informed his master.

The millionaire slapped his thigh with a sound that echoed through the hall.

"What, both of 'em?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Luther arrived at noon, and Miss Swindover by special train an hour ago—"

"Let 'em know that dinner's at eight," said the master of Balliol Castle. His face had grown red with gratification.

"Miss Swindover has expressed her intention of dining in her own rooms," said the major-domo, as if he were announcing some fact on which the safety of the State depended.

"Tommy rot!" roared Swindover. "Let her know that the Honourable and Reverend Canon Vallence is dining with me, and that Signor something or other, the fiddler people are making such a fuss about, is coming to play, and the whole company from some Paris theatre—I ain't got time to remember names—they're going to give a show in the banquet hall. Now, be quick about it! And send Mr. Luther to me in the King's Room at once."

Luther Swindover staggered into his father's historic workroom about ten minutes later. He was a repulsive-looking youth of twenty-two, with the same fleshy, flabby, unhealthy look as Swindover himself, and the promise of the same enormous bulk. His hair was darker than his father's, very sleek and oily, and he obviously left the choice of his clothes to his tailors; and, among his associates about town, he had been laughed out of his natural taste for jewellery.

"Well, Lu," cried Swindover, with an almost imperceptible softening of his disagreeable voice, "how goes it?" He crushed the young man's hand, his great face mottled now with a flush of gratification, expressed unmistakable delight.

"I'm all right, old man," replied Luther, with an air of exaggerated carelessness. "Much as usual, don't you know?" He had the same grating voice as his father, only he had learned to modulate it and to adopt a mincing manner of speech more irritating, even, than the elder man's frankly plebeian accent.

"What have you been up to? Making things hum, eh? I ain't had the pleasure of a visit from you for more than six months."

"What about Fay?" asked Luther, without directly answering the question. "I hear she's arrived. That's something new. Why, she hasn't been here at all! You haven't seen her since you bought this place. Wonder what she thinks of it. What's she after, old man? Tired of her swagger friends, I wonder. I hear she was swelling it no end in Marienbad last month. Grand dukes in attendance, and all kinds of toffs. I suppose she wants some tin, or she wouldn't have come back now."

(Continued on page 13.)

"HAVE YOU A HEALTHY SKIN?"

If the pores of your skin get blocked up owing to carelessness, the use of improper soap, or by skin disease, ill-health is sure to result. If the skin is unhealthy it cannot do its work properly, and remove the perspiration, let the natural oil of the skin come out, neither will you be able to breathe with your skin, as you ought to do. It therefore becomes a constant source of danger. With proper care you can, however, do more to improve a bad skin than any other part of the body.

WHAT THE SKIN IS

As we have already said, you breathe with your skin as well as with your lungs, and it is therefore most important that every pore should be kept open. In addition to being a bathing organ, the skin is also a loom for making the beautiful protecting blanket which covers the whole of the body, and is known as the scarf or outer skin. The surface of the skin is covered with millions of tiny pores, and most of these carry away, by means of the perspiration, the watery waste of the system, and the others secrete the natural oil of the skin which makes it soft, smooth, and elastic.

WHAT A SKIN TROUBLE IS

If your outer or scarf-skin becomes unhealthy in any way, a skin trouble of some kind will follow. If too much oil is secreted by the oil glands of the skin it will accumulate on the surface and in the glands, and your face will look muddy or spotty. If, on the other hand, the supply of oil is scanty, your skin will be tender and irritable, and look red, rough, cracked, or neglected, and you are likely to suffer from eczema. If anything presses on the outer skin at any particular spot it becomes thickened, and a corn or bunion forms. Then again, the outer skin may be unhealthy and give rise to chronic eczema or psoriasis, or the blood may be impure and cause sores or breakings out, for, as Shakespeare says, "Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth in strange eruptions." Other skin troubles are due to microbes or microscopic plants eating right into the skin, or your perspiration may be acid and contain an excess of impurity, which will cause irritation or inflammation as in rheumatic or gouty eczema, nettle rash, or shingles.



The scarf-skin may even be destroyed for a time by a burn, scald, or acute eczema. But whatever the cause of discomfort or disfigurement, the one question asked by the sufferer is, "How can I get cured and make my skin clear, pure, and healthy?" Read on and you will know the answer.

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HAIRDRESSING OF THE LATEST MODE AND CHARMING COIFFURE ORNAMENTS.

ARTISTIC HAIRDRESSING.

THE COIFFURE IN PARIS AND AT HOME.

The Empire style of hairdressing is just beginning to find its votaries both in Paris and London among pretty girls. It is a charming style for a youthful face. The hair drawn upwards and a knot of soft curls form a pouf à la Pompadour—a wreath of flowers encircling the knot, or a band of brilliants.

Fringes are, with very few exceptions, a thing of the past. Only quite a few women who were leading lights in the 'eighties cling to them, as furnishing a soft frame to a face that is past its youth. The hair to-day is fluffed out on each side of the face, worn rather high, twisted lightly, and drawn into a puff over the forehead. In Paris the majority are still wearing a little bunch of curls under the brim of the hat at the back of the head.

Frenchwoman's hair is more fearlessly dressed than an Englishwoman's; more puffed, rolled more lightly, and more largely, loosely waved. A few Parisiennes have their hair parted on one side, and a long lock drawn across their foreheads. The waving of hair has become quite a science, and those hairdressers in London who have mastered the art of waving their fair customers' locks so that they lie in "natural" ridges of curls and crinkles are simply besieged with orders.

Gardenia's a Fashionable Flower.

At the opera gardenias were much worn in the hair during the past season, and are likely to continue as popular as the high black wings and ostrich and marabout aigrettes, white wigs glittering with diamond dust, twisted tails, and other adornments. Frenchwomen have taught their English sisters to know that there is nothing so becoming at night as the hair dressed à la fantasie, wreathed with flowers, or fastened with diamond combs.

Renouncing generalities for "modern instances" of the application of Madame la Mode's edict to the heads of society, our thoughts turn at once to the erstwhile regulation fringe worn by most of our royal Princesses and—since time out of mind imitation has been held the sincerest form of flattery—by most of their attendant ladies, which conferred so strong a resemblance in spite of differing feature as in some cases to cause an almost confusing similarity. But now the younger members of the Royal Family are showing a disposition to break away from established tradition and are adopting styles more individual, the daughters of the Duchess of Connaught and of Princess Henry of Battenberg being quotable examples.

Lady Lytton's Diamond Ribbon.

What a vision of beauty so well coiffed a head as that of Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox is. Her hair tresses, in themselves remarkable for exquisite quality and abundance, are always arranged to perfection, not a wave out of place, not a curve awry, but all following the shape of her beautifully shaped head, with never an aigrette too high nor a bow too wide to mar the just proportions. Her hairdressers may well delight in supplying her with a new hat, so sure are they that she will wear it advantageously. Her debutante daughter, Miss Ivy Gordon Lennox, has equally pretty hair, and has inherited the same admirable taste in dressing



The above smart frock, sketched at a French watering place, was developed in golden brown taffetas over a white pique waistcoat. Note the cream Panama hat trimmed with brown velvet thrust through a gold buckle and brown plumes.

it. Some great English dames are characterised by the picturesque dressing of their hair and by the originality they display in the ornaments they wear. Lady Granby, for example, may often be seen at evening functions with her hair tucked under a diamond-sewn net—a pretty mode adopted also by the Baroness de Meyer. But so far Lady Lytton is the only wearer of a diamond ribbon, which takes the place of the twist of delicate-coloured gauze, which in her artistic girlhood, as Pamela Plowden,

she so often affected. Individuality being the keynote of the hairdressing of the present time, it is but natural that the most modish of our womenfolk should make deliberate study of their own characteristics, and arrange their heads in accentuation of their most pleasing features.

Thus, if a likeness be discovered to an ancestress noted for any particular beauty, it were to disregard a priceless heritage did her living representative neglect to specialise on indicated lines. An accidental resemblance may also serviceably suggest the reproduction of any admired picture, as in the case of Miss Ruby Lindsay, who, naturally resembling Lady Hamilton, dresses her head à la Romyne to accentuate the likeness.



Another French model made of Princess of sulphur-coloured drill, with a bordering of pale blue crewel embroidery and blue braid.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 11.)

"I suppose it's cash you're after, right enough?" Swindover said gruffly. "Don't you talk about your sister. She doesn't spend a quarter of what you do, and she gets her money's worth. She does things; she knows people. All the great families in England receive your sister Fay."

"Oh, chuck it, old chap!" retorted Luther. "I know Fay's an angel and all that, and it's mighty condescending on her part to come and pay my father a visit, after not having seen him for two years. I like to enjoy myself. The atmosphere Fay breathes is a bit too rarified for me, although if it comes to classy friends I could give you a few names that would make you sit up."

As a matter of fact, the insufferable youth had wormed his way, with the help of his gold, into a certain substratum of society, where one sometimes did meet great names, but belonging to men who had gone helplessly under. The society of the night-club, of the racetrack, of the music-hall, was the society that Luther Swindover affected, the only society in which he felt at home. Also, a few utterly unscrupulous women, with names more or less great, suffered him to claim acquaintance with him, trusting that he would be lost in the host of names on their invitation lists, merely for the sake of what they could get out of him.

"Well, what are you after, Lu?" asked Swin-

dover, with a touch of grim humour; "or, have you come, for once, just for the pleasure of shaking me by the hand?"

"Fact is," said the young man, with a wink, "I do want to touch you for a bit, old man!"

"How much?"

"Oh," said Luther, with a splendid unconcern, "nothing to speak of. Ten thou'."

"That's a bit stiff. What's it for? I'm getting a bit sick of it, Lu! There ain't another youngster in England with half of your allowance."

Luther advanced his coarse lips towards his father's ear, and whispered a few words, a self-conscious smile on his unwholesome, degenerate face.

Swindover leaned back in his chair, and looked at his son almost with awe.

"You don't mean it, Lu. You're pulling my leg. She wouldn't—a lady like that."

"Wouldn't she? You bet. And I get something out of it, too. She lets me be seen about with her and all that. She's a regular sport, is Lady Fire-dew!"

Swindover bent over his writing-table in silence and wrote a cheque, and handed it to his son as if he had just earned the Victoria Cross. That was his weakness, the friendship, the acquaintanceship of people of blue blood—the mortal weakness of the man whom nobody would know.

Luther went off, whistling, and Swindover rose from his chair and went out of the room and upstairs, along the great gallery, from which the staircase branched off in two wide curves, until he reached a door, set in a deep embrasure. He knocked, and a faint voice bade him enter.

This was Fay Swindover's boudoir. She had her own suite of rooms, complete in themselves, even a dining-room. Two years ago, when her father had bought Balliol Castle, he had written

to her at the Silesian Castle, where she was staying with friends, and she had sent workmen from Paris to decorate her rooms according to her own designs, under the impression that Swindover, as he vaingloriously wrote, had acquired "an old barn that wanted a lot of doing up."

She rose and came slowly forward to meet her father, with just a faint uplifting of her finely pencilled, jet-black brows. She wore a rich petticoat of brocade and costly lace, a negligé wrapper of lace was thrown over her shoulders. Through the filmy covering the bones of her neck and her spidery arms betrayed the angularity of an over-delicate frame.

"How do you do, father?" she said in a low, faint voice, like some flexible, soft material, shot through with the peculiar charm that invaded her whole personality.

She held out her hand, and just let the tips of her slim fingers rest in his. He saw, with a frown, that she wore no rings.

That was their greeting—father and daughter who had not met for two years. The man was struck dumb by the grace, the elusiveness of the vision; the girl only retained her natural demeanour because of her greater savoir faire. She had not remembered that he was quite so big, quite so unwieldy, quite so coarse, quite so—so terrible.

Swindover's face became purple. He leaned towards her; he gripped both her supple wrists. She shut her eyes, shrinking visibly. He meant to kiss her.

But he drew back with a strange sound, between a snort and a groan. Perhaps a swift arrow of irony did pierce his soul when he realised that he dare not kiss this fair piece of perfection who was his child.

(To be continued.)

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during the breakfast turn, another six before lunch
six before tea, and six more after dinner, and was
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TO-DAY'S RACING PROGRAMME.

NOTTINGHAM.

CLIFTON SELLING PLATE (a high-weight handicap) of 100 svs. Seven furlongs, straight.

OXTON SELLING PLATE of 100 svs. Five furlongs, straight.

BESTWOOD PLATE (a high-weight handicap) of 150 svs. One mile and five furlongs.

Yrs	lb	Yrs	lb
Lapang	5 2	Royton	6 7
Araris	5 2	Acropolis	5 7
Bonny Rosita	6 10	Beymour	7 2
Fisher Girl	6 10	Black Wood	7 2
Abstaris	6 8	Spinning Minnow	5 7
Beckhampton	6 8	Crimson	5 7
Prize	3 8	Rion	6 7
Gridiron	4 8	Vagrant II	6 7
St. Enogat	4 8	Glenhurst	4 6
Whitblow	4 7		
Emery	4 7		

RUFFORD ABBEY MAIDEN PLATE of 100 guineas to the winner and 10 to the second. Straight mile.

Yrs	lb	Yrs	lb
Prize Vladimir	4 8	Silurian	7 12
San Marino	4 8	Parish Councilor	7 12
Butterworth	4 8	Old Master	7 12
Kate Cress	4 8	Conth	7 12
Acropolis	3 8	St. Pancer	7 12
Feather Bed	3 8	Episcopus	7 9
Fauler	3 7	Chill	7 9
Easton	3 7	Blue Bird	7 9
High Heaven	3 7	Worcester	7 9
Gurney Lily	3 7		

ROBIN HOOD PLATE of 100 svs. for two-year-olds. Five furlongs, straight.

Yrs	lb	Yrs	lb
La Vie	9 0	Exuberance	8 2
Kingsey	9 0	Exuberance	8 2
Lady Cadeby	9 0	Exuberance	8 2
Shapley	8 10	Exuberance	8 2
Lydia	8 10	Exuberance	8 2
Fayoum	8 10	Exuberance	8 2
Horrie	8 10	Exuberance	8 2
Happy End	8 10	Exuberance	8 2
Prize King	8 10	Exuberance	8 2
Prize King	8 10	Exuberance	8 2
The Winning Post	8 10	Exuberance	8 2
Carage	8 10	Exuberance	8 2
Lamb and Pig	8 10	Exuberance	8 2
First Crop	8 10	Exuberance	8 2
Row Ready	8 10	Exuberance	8 2
Puma	8 10	Exuberance	8 2
Lady Channing	8 10	Exuberance	8 2
Alma	8 10	Exuberance	8 2

WELBECK HANDICAP of 200 vrs. second 20 svs. Six furlongs, straight.

Yrs	lb	Yrs	lb
Countmark	5 9	Medolous	4 6
Mary	4 9	Brilliant	4 6
Royot	4 7	Ocean	4 6
Arabi	4 7	Cherry	4 6
Chicory	4 7	Cherry	4 6
Unquigant	4 7	Amalgam	4 6
Chowens	4 6	Man Ange	4 6
Guilty	4 6		

LATEST SCRATCHINGS.

International Breeders, Kempton—Durs and Cecan.
 Kempton Park, London—Durs and Cecan.
 City of London Breeders, Kempton—Chall Be. ch and High Haven.
 Kempton engagements—Hymeneus.
 Uxbridge Handicap, Kempton—Reminiscence.
 Eborac Handicap, York—Reminiscence.
 Zealand Water, Redox—Pompanante.
 Meadow Water, Windsor—Schnepp.
 August Handicap, Windsor and Waterbury Handicap—Thunderbolt.
 All published handicaps—Black Mingo and Di. one Count.
 All engagements—Mitcho.

CHESS CONGRESS.

Second Annual Meeting Opened at Southport Yesterday.

The second annual congress of the recently founded British Chess Federation opened yesterday in the Art Gallery at Southport. The corporation have also given the congress the use of the Town Hall and Lecture Hall, for meetings and receptions during the fortnight the various tournaments will continue.

The several contests to be decided are looked forward to with much interest by all chess players and lovers of the game, whose numbers have rapidly increased in the last few years throughout the United Kingdom.

The most important events to be decided are the British chess championship, the British ladies' championship, and a first-class amateur tournament.

The present holder of the trophy presented by Mr. E. C. Napper, president of the federation, is Mr. W. E. Napier, an Englishman, but long a resident of the United States—who won the championship at the congress at Hastings last year. Mr. Napier is now in America, and will not compete this year.

From a numerous list of candidates for admission to the championship tournament the following have been selected, the number of entries being limited to twelve—Messrs. H. F. Atkins, G. A. E. Bellingham, J. H. Black, Turner, H. Gunton, A. P. Mackenzie, R. P. Mitchell, Rev. W. C. Palmer, C. H. Sherrard, H. W. Shroombly, V. L. W. H. Luck, G. E. Wainwright, and William Wedd.

There will also be second and third class tournaments, problem-solving competitions, chess played with living pieces, and various other contests.

SPORTING NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. W. M. Grylls, the Rugby international footballer, Cornwall county and Sandhurst player, has proved from gentleman to second lieutenant in the unattached list, and is going back to join the Indian Army.

Mr. Lewis Wheat, six-year-old American stallion, Wig Wag, won the Motor Prize of 2,000 francs on the second day of the Baden trotting meeting, beating a field of the best international horses on the Continent. The winner trotted the last heat in 2 min. 11.2 sec. over a very heavy track.

Archie Simpson, the famous Aberdeen professional golfer, who was runner-up to Mr. Martin in the open championship twenty years ago, played a splendid game at Balmuir, Aberdeen, on Saturday, when he beat Annual Massey, Mr. Elarick, and North Berwick in a 36-hole match by 4 up and 3 to play.

The Page's Horse and Football Cup at Mauritius has been won by "A" Company of the Fighting Fifth. The winner's name is "The King" who was also runner-up in the Indian Association Shield. The brand and drum of the King's Own have carried off the Civil and Military League Cup.

Season tickets are now being issued for the Tottenham Hotspur matches for next season. The prices are: For shareholders, 15s.; non-shareholders, 21s. These tickets admit to ground and stand, and are available for all home matches, with the exception of cup ties and benefits. Applications should be made at once to Mr. John Cameron, 26, High Street, Tottenham.

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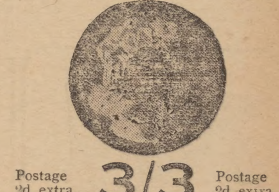
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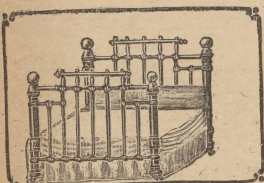
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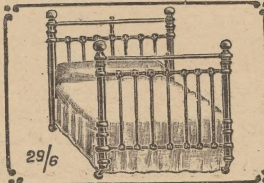
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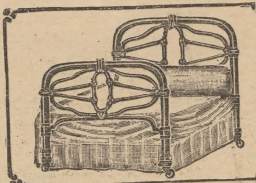
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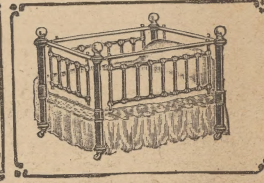
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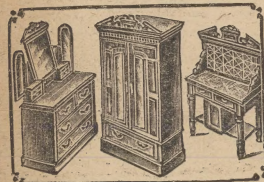
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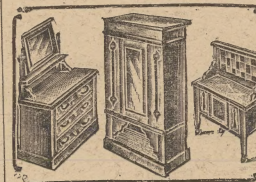
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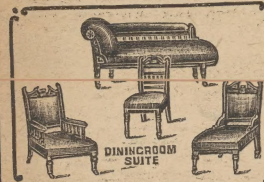
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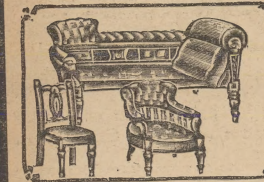
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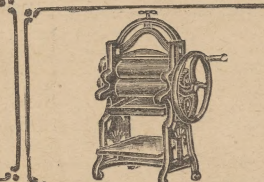
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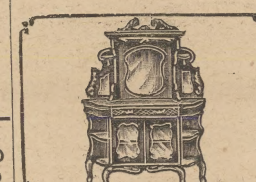
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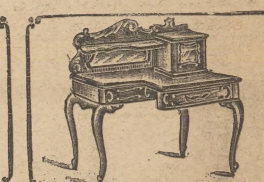
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